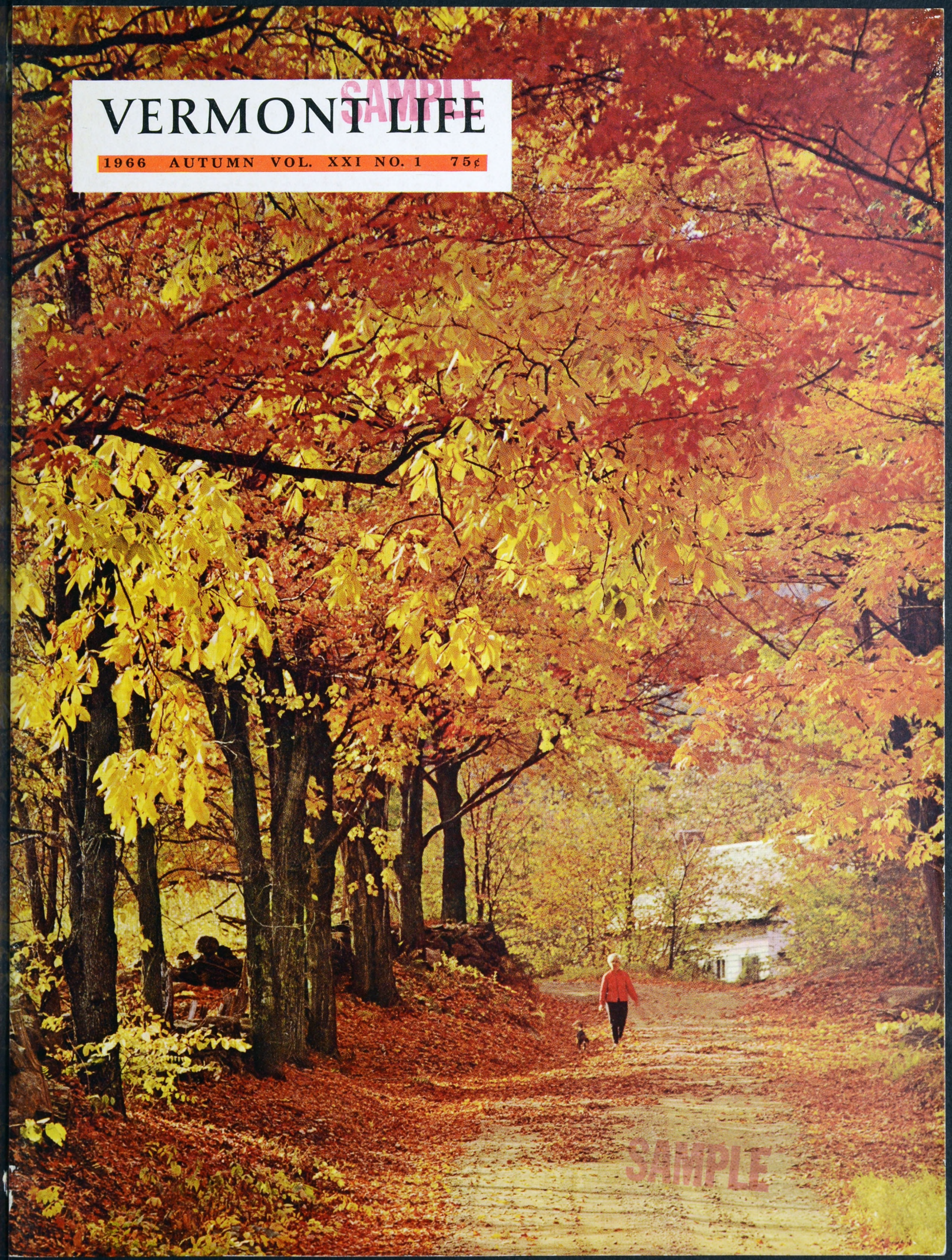


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NUMBER 1

AUTUMN 1966

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Left: Two young Vermonters hike over an abandoned section of the Bayley-Hazen Road between Albany and Lowell—from the feature article beginning on page 34, also filmed by SONJA BULLATY and ANGELO LOMELO.

Covers: The FRONT COVER is an Autumn back road scene in East Jamaica near the home of the photographer, JOHN H. HARRIS.

The BACK COVER records a favorite covered bridge scene near Brownsville, filmed by H. STANLEY JOHNSON.

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Prof. C. C. BONNETTE'S
GREAT PARACHUTE JUMP!

DEATH DEFYING



AWE INSPIRING

FROM A FIRE FILLED
BALLOON!

OUR BALLOONS ARE THE LARGEST EVER CONSTRUCTED

THAT'S WHAT it said at the beginning of an advertisement for Vermont's most spectacular sky-diver in the days before the airplane. And then came the clincher that was guaranteed to bring the spectators running:

"... AND OUR PARACHUTES ARE THE SMALLEST."

Professor Clarence C. Bonette and his wife Minnie no longer soar on a trapeze hung from a swaying balloon. But a lot of people still remember their skill and daring.

The balloons were big—60 to 90 feet in diameter when inflated. They were large enough to snatch the Bonettes skyward at amazing speed. The handmade parachutes—sometimes streaming dangerously before they blossomed out in gaily-colored silk—were tiny enough to plummet them to earth almost as fast, too. In fact, so efficient were the 'chutes at their hustling job that Prof. Bonette eventually broke nearly every bone in his body and his wife spent her last 25 years in an invalid's chair.

These two human Yo-Yos performed as the top attraction at state and area fairs all over America. Just the sight of the huge bag of unbleached muslin hanging limply from its temporary framework was enough to cause thousands of people to crowd the gates. Then, at the appointed hour, the intrepid Vermonter would stride forward. Beside him was his attractive Massachusetts-born wife. And the drama was on.

A match was struck. Kerosene, sprinkled on wooden kindling, burst into flame. In an instant a huge fire would roar. Smoke and flames whooshed into a great tube. This tube led to the balloon's cavernous interior.

To the crackling of the fire and the snap of the sparks the mammoth bag inflated with hot air. Before the fascinated eyes of thousands of spectators it would rise as if endowed with life. Finally it hung, straining at its ropes, where ten minutes before it had been slack.

Now the professor and his lady would take their places. At a signal the ropes were cut free. The balloon leaped into the air, whisking them skyward while the audience gasped.

Then the act began. Sometimes they dangled from a trapeze, performing stunts until they resembled two little spiders on invisible webs. At other times, Professor Bonette would go up alone, swinging by

his teeth until he was a thousand feet over the countryside. Then he'd release his hold. To the gasps of the people far below, he would drop toward the earth until, at last, the parachute would open.

Still another act involved two parachutes—one in plain sight and the other hidden. Letting go of the balloon, the professor would drift earthward in what seemed a routine drop. Then, suddenly, he'd appear to fall out of the harness of his 'chute. For an awful moment he'd seem to tumble towards certain death. But then from apparently nowhere, a red parachute would blossom above his head and, in the words of an advertising pamphlet, "I sail gracefully to the ground." Nothing is said about smelling salts for the audience.



Early in their careers as aerial daredevils, the Bonettes posed in a St. Johnsbury studio.

The dashing, dark-haired native of Island Pond, Vermont, began his fantastic career in 1893—ten years before the Wright Brothers even launched their plane at Kitty Hawk. He was a tightwire artist at the time. One day at a fair in Michigan, he met Professor Samuel Baldwin, America's original parachute man. In the days before the plane, all 'chutists dropped from a balloon. Baldwin trained most of them.

One look at Baldwin's act was all that it took. Young Bonette asked the master to teach him the tricks of parachuting. Baldwin gave him a few instructions, showed him how to pull a rip cord, and promised him more later. Then the two parted.

Now that he was an instant expert, Bonette awaited his chance. It came sooner than he expected. A short time later, at a fair in Plymouth, New Hampshire, the regular parachutist was unable to appear. The teen-age amateur volunteered to take his place beneath the hot-air balloon. Here is how he described the event years later, in the *Boston Sunday Post* for May 22, 1938:

"McEwen, the man in charge, strapped me in like any amateur. I will never forget the feeling when the balloon was going up. This is the life, I said to myself, as I went toward the clouds. I had been instructed by McEwen to make my jump when he fired a pistol and I was about one half mile up.

"He fired the pistol at the proper moment, but I saw the Pemigewasset River right under me, and it looked to me that I was to land right in the middle of it. I disregarded the shot and let the balloon soar. Up, up went the balloon, and when I was about one mile up I cut loose.

"McEwen by this time was frantic, he called me everything he could think of, and then some. I figured that I would drop vertically and would sail way over the river in ascent. I was scared stiff, all right, and McEwen afterwards told me that he thought I would be killed.

"What worried me most was whether the parachute was going to open. It opened up on time, and after sailing along for a while, do you know, I actually got up courage to do a few trapeze stunts. I took off my belt and went to it. I thought I sure was doing a swell act, and, would you believe it, I did not get one word of praise from McEwen. Instead, he gave me the devil in seven different languages.

"I was foolish, in his eyes, to attempt anything but straight jumping before I tackled any of the fancy work."

From this point, the young daredevil's star rose with his balloons. Together with his wife he toured the fair circuit all over the east. Their fame spread to the rest of the country, and finally to Europe. In 1900, only seven years after his first jump, he sailed for the Paris World's Fair. Nervous officials, however, were jittery. There'd been several fatal attempts to jump from the Eiffel Tower the year before, and while Bonette was still on the boat, they passed a law prohibiting any jumps. So he saw the fair from the ground.

Despite the near-fatal injury which had crippled his wife in 1897, the young aero-

naut continued to seek out new ways to please the crowd. In one act he'd do tricks on a trapeze hung from a cannon which, in turn, hung from the balloon. Then, when high in the air, he'd climb into the cannon, fire himself into space and float to earth on a 'chute. At night he'd rise above the darkened land and blaze his way down again with fireworks.

More than a dozen helpers were needed to hold the giant bag while it filled with hot air. The ticklish moment was when it was cut loose. Then the ropes whipped taut and the balloon careened skyward with its human cargo.

But one day in Waitsfield, it took an extra passenger. Gene McCarty had volunteered to help at the ropes. His fascinated children watched from the sidelines. At a signal, the bag was loosened and the men

With that she released the parachute and floated away. As she did so, McCarty felt the balloon leap upward, freed of its extra weight.

The nightmare continued to 3000 feet. Then the balloon leveled off. It hung there for a moment, then gradually drifted back to earth.

Gene McCarty probably kissed the ground when he landed. Then he left the collapsing bag and struck out for the fair and a hero's welcome.

This happened just 70 years ago—in September, 1896. His daughter, Mrs. Mary Jones, was one of the four children who watched the incredible voyage of their father. She was 11 at the time.

"We cried like the dickens," she told me at her residence in Richmond, Vermont. "Mother had stayed home with the

him in the hospital again and again.

Finally, in 1947, failing health caught up with him. Following a stroke, his spectacular life came to an end.

Today the professor's nephew, Joseph Bonnett, of Waterford, Vermont, still bears the well-known name, with a slight change in spelling. "And even yet," Joseph's wife May, told me, in supplying many of the facts of this story, "people still stop and remind me about the time they saw the Professor at some fair or other."



Fairgoers helped inflate the balloon and at such a time Gene McCarthy was caught.

jumped clear. McCarty jumped with them—right into the path of a writhing rope.

Whipping against his ankle, the rope jerked him off his feet. Desperate, he grabbed at the line—and found himself rushing skyward.

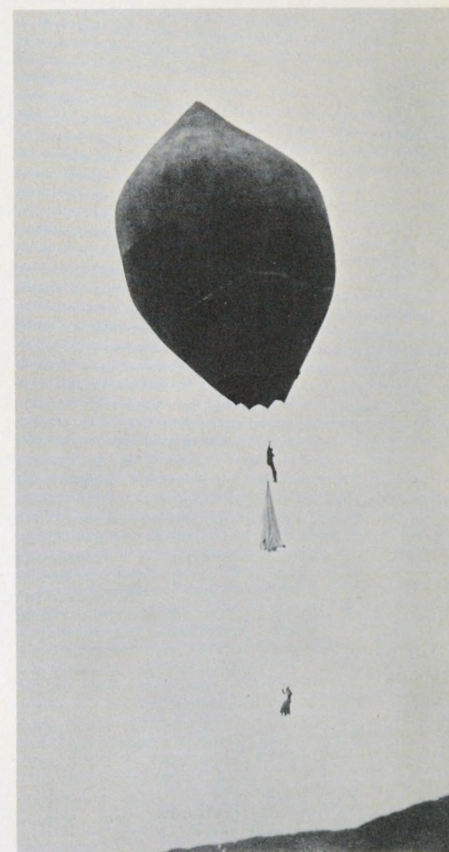
The earth shrank below him. Then he heard a voice. It was Madame Bonette, dangling beneath him on her trapeze, but powerless to help him. She spoke calmly, reassuring him. The balloon, she said, would settle to earth when the air in it had cooled. In answer to her question, he managed to gulp that she should go ahead with her act.

"Then hang on," she said. "And good luck."

two youngest children, and all I could think of was what would she do? Then I'd look at my father up in the sky and cry some more. We thought we'd never see him again. He used to get dizzy just climbing a ladder."

But they did see him again. And Professor Bonette was as surprised as anybody to find him alive and unharmed by his unexpected rise to fame.

Bonette continued to thrill the crowds—minus any further unbidden passengers—for fifty years longer. Hopefully, his jumps landed him on level ground. However, he also was treated to such interesting variations as the roof of a house, the mast of a boat, the middle of a swamp and the tops of many trees. Such landings put



This is Gene McCarthy's unscheduled ascent.

And a few people still reminisce, too, as they gaze at the little headstones in the cemetery in Sutton, Vermont. There are buried Minnie Bonette and her famous husband. As one of his neighbors from Melvin Mills, N.H., where he lived for a while, put it:

"When you get right down to earth, he was the darin'est man that ever landed in these parts."

Which, when you get right down to earth, is a record he'll probably hold for years to come.

by **RONALD ROOD**

Photographs courtesy of
MRS. JOSEPH BONNETT and
THE BURLINGTON FREE PRESS

WITH COSTUMES FOR THE YOUNGSTERS AND BOUNTIFUL
BOX SUPPERS FOR EVERYONE, THE NEIGHBORS GATHER
IN THE ONE-ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE FOR

Hallowe'en in Squabble Hollow

Story and Photographs by STEPHEN T. WHITNEY



THE OTHER SIDE of Lyndon Center, the Wheelock road passes through the lower end of a quiet, little valley. Its comfortable farms stretch from the level interval of Miller Run into the gentle folds of the receding hills. Its name—Squabble Hollow.

Older inhabitants of the Hollow will tell of the event on the neighboring hill that gave their valley its name. According to Hollow history, the early settlers in the area were attracted to the hill and the first barn raising up there was quite an affair. To feed the men, a great kettle of pudding was prepared, and during the forenoon, as the men labored on the barn, the women cooked the pudding over an open fire. At noon the men, hungered by work, fell to arguing over the order in which they should be served. In the course of the argument the kettle was overturned and before it could be righted, rolled down the hillside with the men in pursuit. When the

To the very young the parading, costumed schoolchildren look a little scary. Below is the old Squabble Hollow school.





kettle was recovered finally in the hollow below, the argument was quickly rejoined with renewed vigor, for the meal had been lost. Since that time it has been Pudding Hill and Squabble Hollow.

The truth of the matter is that Hollow neighbors are friendly people. Oldtimers cannot seem to recall a time when they did not get together for a good time, and parties in the little one-room schoolhouse



Costume materials, top, come from attics and barns except for the masks. Children above suspect "girl" in center is Keith. Help needed at right when a mask slips.





have become a fixture in Hollow life. A child is not very old when he attends his first Hollow party and no one is ever too old. By custom, the main entertainment is provided by the schoolchildren, and seldom are the parties complete without a few hands of cards for the grownups. When there is not a traditional festivity to celebrate, the teacher's imagination and ingenuity creates an occasion.

So it has been, and so it will be until change and progress close the door of the little schoolhouse. In a moment of quiet reflection, one of them puts to words a thought shared by all: without their school, there will be no parties in Squabble Hollow.

Generation in, generation out, Hallo-we'en parties do not change much in the Hollow. Traditions repeated each year by

Boys bidding on attractive-looking box suppers range themselves around the auctioneer while girls, top center, wait to see which boys win their suppers. The grownups, below, pause in their own eating to offer help to a still-hungry youngster.



After the children's costume parade and the fun of the supper, the elders go on to games of cards, usually Whist or King Pedé, and sometimes babysitting is accomplished at the same time. The games call for risks taken, unkind surprises and at times thorough concentration. But an evening of relaxing fun is the main thing.

the excited children rekindle memories of Hallowe'ens past. Somehow each year, costumes reveal new heights of imagination, and new ideas for impersonations are suggested by films and television figures. But clowns, Indians, scarecrows and especially scary witches, seem to crop up every year. Attic trunks supply many of the materials for the strangely garbed small apparitions.

Another Hallowe'en favorite in the Hollow is the box supper auction. From the kitchens of the Hollow come the evening's refreshment in gaily decorated boxes that skillfully disguise the makers' identities. The ladies, of all ages, begin to show a certain nervous expectation when the party's auctioneer now steps forward. The boys bid for suppers made by their schoolmates while the men bid for boxes made by the ladies of the Hollow. Not until the auction is over and the boxes opened does one learn the maker's name. The bounty of her kitchen is shared with all.





Idolene Darrow was a leader in establishing Putney's elementary school library six years ago, and in helping it to work and grow.

Libraries for young Vermont

NOW ARE INCREASING
BECAUSE OF THE WORK
OF A HANDFUL
OF DEDICATED WOMEN
IN TOWNS SCATTERED
ACROSS THE STATE

by FAIRE EDWARDS

Photographs by HANSON CARROLL

"OUR FIRST SCHOOL LIBRARY was in the supply closet," Idolene Darrow recalls. "It was six years ago. The room was so small it was overcrowded with five kids in it—and the desk was outside in the hall! The shelves were the wrong width, too; and our books consisted of some 1928 primers and a few books the PTA had bought. Later we got more space—on the stage of the multipurpose room, but that was terribly noisy when something was going on in the big room." Finally, when an addition was built onto the school, state requirements called for a library as big as a classroom. Then the Putney Elementary School

achieved its present, attractive and busy library where shelves are loaded with books selected to lure the reluctant reader and provide adequate fodder for omnivorous book-worms.

As Mrs. Darrow talked about the library, children and teachers popped into the room. "We're not supposed to be open as many hours as we seem to be. It's just a matter of popular demand. We were originally open from one to three. Then they needed us in the morning. Then they needed us during social studies time."

"You see," she continued, "a library has to grow. As the librarian knows individual children, the circulation goes up. She should also know how the teachers work. Some like to take a large selection of material and keep it in the classroom for, perhaps, a month. Others send in the individual students and let them gather material. It's up to the librarian to find out the methods of the staff and work with them as closely as possible.

"We learn from the children, too. When I began this, I thought that we should give the children only what we consider fine literature. Now I try to give them something to enjoy, whether it's Nancy Drew or The Hardy Boys, or something of highly recognized value. Recently I was amazed to find a group of children reading the Odyssey aloud. One of the most popular books is on automobile engines and their repairs. Even boys with reading problems seem to be able to understand that one!"

Eight or ten volunteers work with Mrs. Darrow, who insists on being paid a dollar a year, because she considers that the librarian's job should be recognized on the professional payroll. Volunteers, she believes, are vital to the development of many school libraries but their role should be *transitional*, assisting the communities to build up school libraries and understand their usefulness.

"As the school library grows, the parents, and finally the community, will recognize its value and appreciate it," Mrs. Darrow continued. She pointed out the carpeting and other gifts given to the school library and mentioned that individuals had begun to give magazine subscriptions to the library, as well as books.

Best of all, she says, is the satisfaction that comes from getting books into hands that otherwise might not have held them.

In other schools, other women are saying and thinking the same thing. At Perkinsville, Barbara Woodbury serves as a volunteer librarian, working with six volunteer helpers in a little red brick schoolhouse built in 1879. Classes have moved into the adjacent modern addition and the old schoolroom was redecorated for the library. Before her marriage, Mrs. Woodbury had worked in a library but said, "I'd never been given any responsibility or authority and this was quite an experience! We had no appropriation at all, and made an initial investment of \$50 for materials. But we all find the work very satisfying. I guess you could say that our horizons have been widened along with the children's." The layout of the room was planned by the architect and the school study committee. Tables and chairs were bought by the school board. "I know now that I should have asked for a librarian's desk and some other things," Mrs. Woodbury continued. "But we need encyclopedias, particularly. We have a '42 *Americana* and a '56 *World Book*. There are some things you just can't look up in them."

Little Perkinsville school has 150 pupils, and Mrs. Woodbury is delighted with the



circulation of the library. Sixty is a daily average. When you consider that the non-reader is his school's potential dropout, you can recognize the accomplishment of these volunteers. Because these women whisk through their housework and give precious time, some youngsters will finish school and make achievements otherwise not possible.

One thing which helped Barbara Woodbury, was a small leaflet sent her from Woodstock by Mrs. Preston Cole, who had already gone through the struggle to establish a school library. By professional training a landscape architect, Mrs. Cole is such an enthusiastic convert to library work that she's likely to become a fully trained librarian. At present Woodstock Elementary School has its library in a one-time health room less than half the size

required by the new state standards of 1964, which specify a library of classroom size for any school with five or more rooms. Even so, it is better than its original location. Now five years old, it is expected to get into adequate quarters when the next step of Woodstock's school building program is achieved. A group of women began the project, and fifteen volunteers still carry on the work. In the beginning, Mrs. George Heston learned to catalog and Mrs. Cole made water colors which still brighten the room. She's now officially on the payroll, but her limited salary will go into further training. Men from the nearby Windsor State Prison made the book cases and cabinets.

One of the state's more prosperous communities, Woodstock has about four thousand books in the Elementary School



There is no lack of customers at Perkinsville school library where Mrs. J. Hoyt Phinney is one of six volunteers assisting Mrs. Barbara Woodbury, left, in her work as volunteer librarian.

library, and an annual purchasing budget from local sources and gifts of almost \$1000. Federal funds, of course, augment this. Mrs. Cole takes the responsibility of buying the books and coordinating them and other materials with the school curricula. Four new sets of encyclopedias came out of NDEA federal funds. Donated books also build up the library. Although professionals frown on old editions (often set in small type) Mrs. Cole finds they often prove to be life-savers when there's a big rush for certain authors.

In Woodstock, as in many other schools today, children as young as second-graders are learning to use the catalog and as each comes in, the librarian on duty helps him to look for author, title, or subject. Even some very beautiful and expensive books are permitted to go home

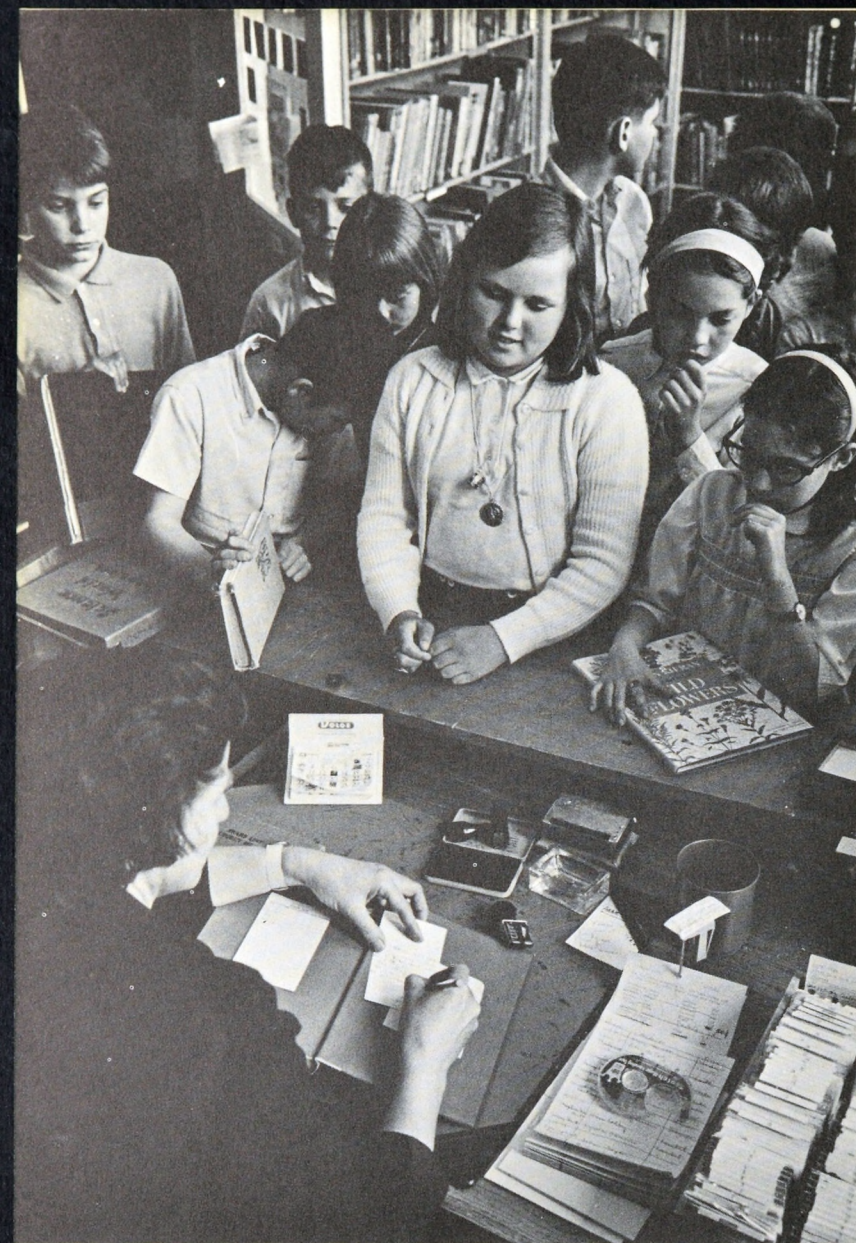
with the children. "It's what books are for," Mrs. Cole explains.

There seems to be little discipline problem, despite the crowding inevitable in the small room. The children are at once enthusiastic and business-like. Subject requests may run in a minute from the metric system to motorcycles, but the lack of adequate material on the history of the state of Vermont is a serious problem. Mrs. Cole isn't a bit bothered by being asked six or eight questions at once. "It pleases us to be so busy, but we're not yet the information center that we really should be. There are infinite possibilities." Because they have high hopes of larger quarters, the good library ladies are not complaining that shelf space is inadequate for all the books.

These are only three of the many

schools where devotion is making up for a lack of funds. Traditionally, Vermont has expected its communities to carry a large portion of the cost of local schools, and some towns have found the burden heavy. For this reason, school libraries needed the impetus provided by enthusiastic women who took up the cause. As individuals they sensed the importance of the task. They understood that elementary school pupils must either develop reading skill and interest or be unfit in the economy of the future. They are lending their hands with the vision of Mary and the organization of Martha.

To many rural Vermont children, no library is available. Either their town has no public library or transportation to it is difficult, particularly when parents are overloaded with the everyday tasks of life.



Mrs. Preston Cole checks out books for an overflow crowd of students in the Woodstock school library, which for the time being is crowded into a former school health room.



Fair Haven high school's new library, one of the best, has a special news and magazine room, top, reference room, right. Above, Miss Ruth Hennig, Mrs. Jessie Estes at checkout.

This, unfortunately, is particularly true of the homes where books are few. But most parents are deeply grateful when their children are given a chance to "take out" library books.

In the past, the State of Vermont's Free Public Library Department has supplied bookwagons and books on loan to both school and town libraries. Even with added federal funds available during the past two years, however, the bookwagons can reach a given school only once in two or three months, and there is little opportunity to coordinate with the school's course of studies. For this reason, the federal aid is now being aimed toward other forms of assistance to school libraries, although places like Perkinsville and Putney still rely heavily on books from a state bookwagon. Since aid to

libraries is given on a per-pupil basis, small schools could not build up libraries fast enough to meet the needs of the eager readers like the Perkinsville crowd. Innovation is required and, at this writing, the situation is still unresolved.

One solution is having a central library within each superintendency district, probably at the Union High School. From it, a bookmobile belonging to the District, would serve the smaller elementary schools and, perhaps, even the outlying community libraries. The librarian, of course, would work closely with the curriculum coordinator and with local teachers, filling requests and making suggestions of suitable materials prior to visits at each school, one day every fortnight. Such a plan will go into effect in the Otter Valley District near Brandon where

the bookmobile will serve eight schools in a district that measures thirty-six miles across its longest dimension, and extending well up the mountainside. By moving the recreational reading material around the district, the librarian can probably keep ahead of the eager readers. Supplementary materials will be of particular value to slower students and to the gifted who need enrichment.

In the schools for older children, the teachers' demands on the libraries become more apparent. At Spaulding Elementary School in Barre, Mrs. Priscilla Lyndes is working on the development of a new library for a new age group in the city, sixth through eighth grades, and it will take at least three years for the library to grow to full capacity. Mrs. Lyndes explains that, although it's possible to buy



the books pre-processed, with catalog cards and code numbers ready-made, nothing can substitute for the librarian's personal knowledge of each book in her care. Getting acquainted with them one by one will enable her to help the students.

Priscilla Lyndes is both amused and pleased when youngsters, especially boys, slip into the work area and wash their hands before picking up one of the books. In fact, she's particularly pleased by the number of boys who make a habit of using the library for reference work. She looks forward to the time when the next book order brings more recreational reading for them. Like others who are going on with professional library study, Mrs. Lyndes has enjoyed her classes but wishes more were available within the state.

Actually an increasing number of work-

shops and courses is offered each year. Assistance comes from the Vermont Department of Education where Mrs. Dorothy Allen takes time from processing applications for federal aid, to encourage workshops and courses, and to send out practical suggestions: where to buy the things a library should have, what books to keep and what to discard, how to arrange the library, and the like. A trained and experienced professional, she's also called upon to evaluate sketches of proposed new libraries. She has taken over some of the responsibilities once carried by Miss Janice Byington, now not-so-retired, who left a trail of grateful librarians whom she has assisted through the years. She, too, is in demand as a workshop teacher.

Perhaps the biggest school library success story to date, is at the Fair Haven

Union High School. Here, again, a devoted personality was the key. After years as a school librarian in Boston and Schenectady, and as a teacher of librarians, Miss Ruth Hennig thought she had retired to Wells, a small village south of Poultney. But one day Miss Hennig was invited to a conference with the principal of the Fair Haven High School nearby.

At the time, Fair Haven was not a union school and it could afford only part-time librarian service, but Miss Hennig gave it most of her time. As the district was expanded, and it became a Union school, students came in from other towns, and the building was enlarged. Miss Hennig was in a fever of creative zeal, planning for the new and larger library. "First we agreed to disagree agreeably," she says, "And that's the best

way to get a really good library. After all, there are many things that only the professional who uses the room can understand. The flow of traffic, for instance. You put some things where they can be reached easily. And you put others where they are quiet, without interruption. You put the catalog where several people can get at it, preferably near the reference books and convenient to the magazine storage room. No, you don't bind magazine copies—particularly *Vermont Life*. More people can use them when the issues are separate.

Miss Hennig led the way to the desk of Mrs. Jessie Estes, the full-time librarian who succeeded her. "See how she has that reserve shelf directly behind the desk. It's for books the teachers want saved for their classes. Around the corner is a sink and typewriter and duplicator. And here is a place for teachers to work and study in privacy . . . with shelves for their own professional library. That's their own door to the hall.

"These classrooms: they're for English classes, right across the hall from the library. The folding walls between them can be put back to make a lecture room. This room at the end has a raised floor

and it doubles as a stage and a conference room. If necessary, the entire wing could become an enlarged library if the building has to accommodate more students in the future.

"Beauty is important, too," says Miss Hennig. Armed only with enthusiasm, she has begged and borrowed all kinds of art to bring beauty to the library. Usually, some form of art work is on display. A carpeted floor, she insists, is actually cheaper to maintain than tiled floors. The silence it brings, is an added benefit. She explained her reasons and cited figures and experience to win her point. When the library was opened, some of the boys left their shoes by the door, and were discovered lying contentedly on the floor with their noses in books.

The dashing blue walls were the superintendent's idea and Miss Hennig agrees that he was right. The youngsters like vivid colors. It's their library and they should have the color that appeals to them." The exhibit cases near the door are a part of Miss Hennig's book-selling campaign. "I like to see the exhibits changed often. Sometimes the students will bring in things for them. And there are always resources in the region. But I never like

to lock books into an exhibit case . . . just put the jackets on dummies and keep the books out where they can circulate."

Once the new library was ready, Miss Hennig withdrew—but she's still very unretired, teaching courses on children's literature and librarianship in various parts of the state, generally under University of Vermont auspices. Somehow, her classes seem to find their way to visit the library at Fair Haven. Its influence is certainly extending well beyond the immediate area.

Amateur, semi-pro, and professional, these are only a few of the librarians who are bringing students and books closer together all over the state. There is an old saying that need develops leaders.

Vermont's once-agricultural economy is moving toward diversification. The nation is moving toward more sophisticated demands on its labor force. Today, as never before, the school librarians are essential to the task of training today's children. Many of these devoted women will never know all that they have accomplished. Even so, without exception, they speak of their work as "so satisfying," and they can be confident of their contribution to the future. 

Two new readers at the Putney elementary school have learned how to look up books for themselves in the library's alphabetic card files.



. . . that feathered Ph.D.,
the CROW

by RONALD ROOD

Illustrated by ROBERT CANDY

SOME TIME AGO a group of wildlife experts got together. In keeping with the spirit of the times, perhaps, they decided that the common crow must be investigated. So they banded hundreds of the big black birds, quizzed hikers and fishermen, and solemnly peered into some 2000 crow stomachs.

Finally, when they'd collected a roomful of data, they released their report: the crow ate at least 650 different kinds of food and was found over nearly all of our continent from Alaska to Newfoundland to Mexico.

At this, one long-suffering, taxpaying farmer exploded. "Heck," he sputtered, "why'd they go to all that trouble? Anybody knows that crows are everywhere and eat everything!"

He was pretty close to the truth, even to the "anybody knows" part. There's an old saying that if a person can recognize only three birds, one of them will be a crow. And that same person is also likely to know lots about the crow's life story—most of it bad.

With 650 items of food in its diet, however, it can't all be bad. Actually, you can search through the list and find plenty of evidence to support any stand—pro-crow or anti-crow—you wish to take.

For instance, the crow makes short work of baby snapping turtles as they hatch from their eggs near Lake Champlain. This, of course, delights the duck hunter who has long claimed that snappers destroy thousands of duckling annually. On the other hand, if there are no baby turtles handy, the crow is happily impartial. It starts in on the duckling itself.

You don't necessarily have to search through a crow's innards to get your information, though. Just watch a flock of them as they follow a farmer and his plow. They're busy pecking at the newly-turned soil, eating quantities of grubs and insects.

I pointed this out to a neighbor one day as we watched the crows in the far corner of his field.

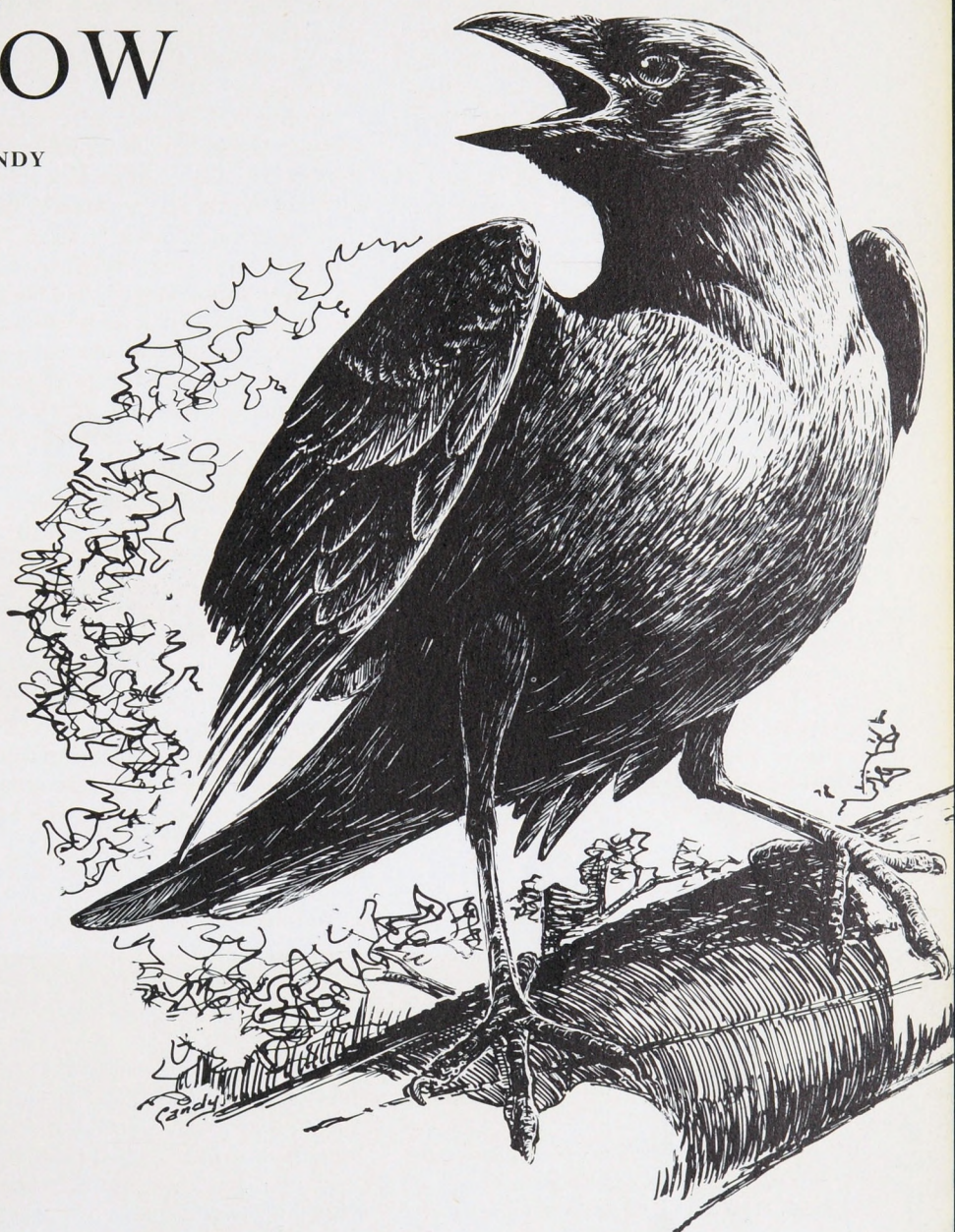
His reaction was quick and positive. "And do you know *why* they're eating the bugs?" he asked. "So they'll have the corn all to themselves."

Of course, the crow doesn't really have that much intelligence. But sometimes it almost seems that it has. It hasn't been called a "feathered Ph.D." for nothing. Its actions may border so closely on rationality that it's difficult to remember it's only a bird.

A crow can spot the difference between a man with a stick and a man with a gun, for instance. While it's true that the hunter behaves differently from the hiker,

few other creatures make any distinction. They just run from all humans to be safe. And while you may surprise almost any other animal while it is feeding, you'll seldom get that chance with a crow. In the first place, it rarely travels alone. Then, too, it almost always keeps a sentinel posted for danger.

One measure of quick-wittedness is the ability of any creature—from man on down—to size up a new situation. An ornithologist told me of a pet crow which was fed some stale crusts of bread. The food was so hard that the bird had trouble eating it. But this didn't bother it one bit. It merely took the bread over to its dish of drinking water. There it swizzled it around until it was just the right softness.



Then it bolted it down without ruffling a feather.

Another pet crow, like its cousins the jays, magpies and ravens, was fond of bright objects. It was a confirmed kleptomaniac. It stole bits of tinfoil, buttons, even eyeglasses and jewelry when it had the chance. One day a man offered it a pocket knife. When the crow pecked at

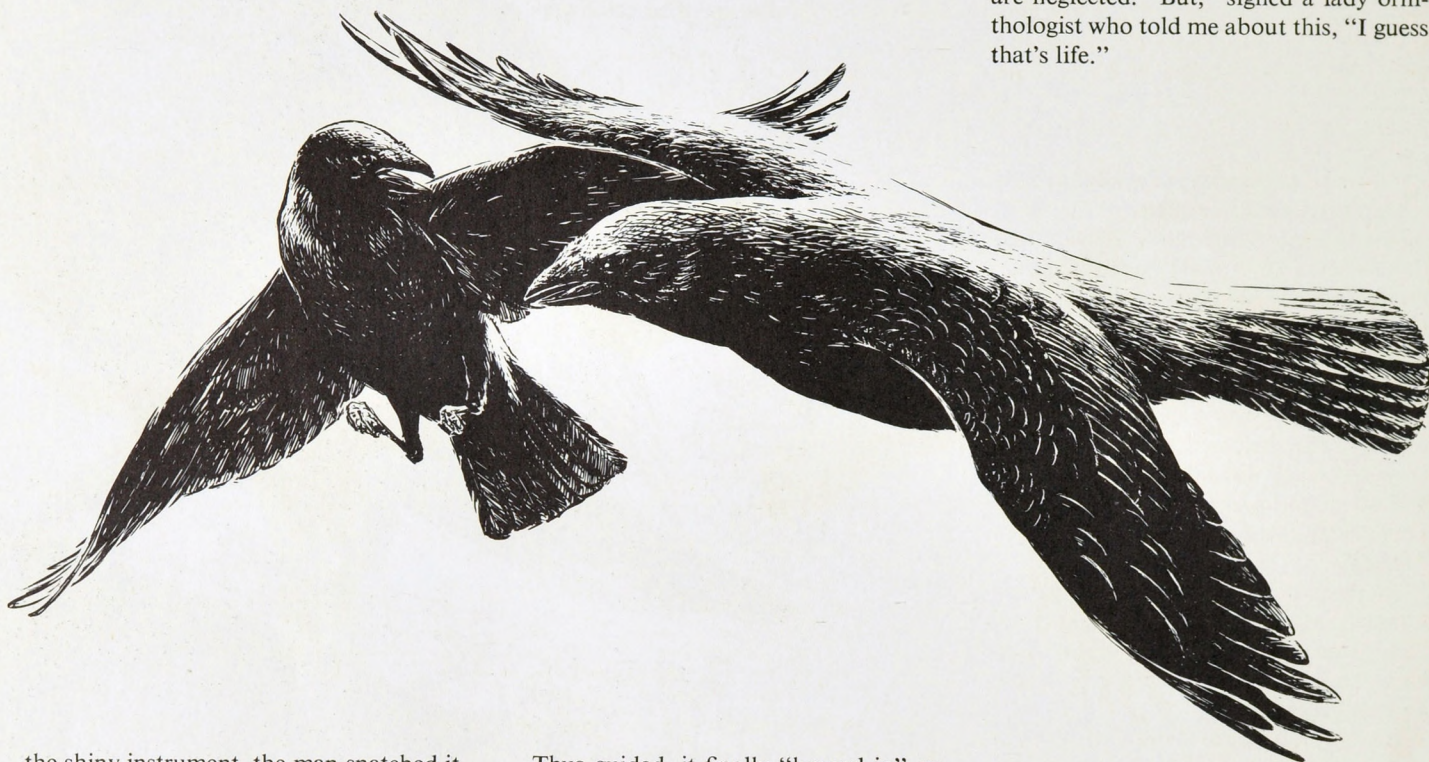
blackbird's nest at the edge of the field. The red-wing began to chirp and flit nervously.

The crow, sensing bigger prey, forgot its search for grasshoppers and began to walk in different directions. As it drew near to the nest, the blackbird's cries increased; when it walked in the wrong direction the smaller bird relaxed.

Sometimes several may get the fever at once. A small flock of gamboling crows looks from a distance like wind-tossed leaves.

How to tell male from female apparently is clear to the crows, but even a crow can make a mistake. Sometimes a male will chase another male, until the outraged recipient of this attention puts things straight in no uncertain terms.

At other times four or five males will chase a single female while other females are neglected. "But," sighed a lady ornithologist who told me about this, "I guess that's life."



the shiny instrument, the man snatched it away. Several times this tantalizing process was repeated.

Finally, when the knife was offered once more, the crow pecked the man's hand instead. The man dropped the knife in surprise—and the crow snatched it up. Then it triumphantly bore its trophy to the top of a dead tree. It had persisted until it got the desired result. Probably this doesn't show any real intelligence on the part of the crow, which may have pecked just in anger. But then, it doesn't show much intelligence on the part of the man, either.

I've seen a wild crow play a game similar to "Button, Button," too. As we used to play the game the person who knew where the button was hidden would say "warmer" or "colder" according to the movements of the one searching for it. This was the way it happened to a crow in a field in Swanton two years ago as I watched it from a distance with binoculars.

The crow landed in some newly-cut hay, looking for insects. Its random wanderings brought it to the vicinity of a red-winged

Thus guided, it finally "homed in" on the nest. When I finally got to the scene of the tragedy later, I found the nest destroyed. But luckily it had contained only eggs and no young, so the blackbirds undoubtedly were able to start a new family elsewhere.

Clever as a crow may be most of the year, it seems to forget itself at mating time. A pair of crows in the spring may be as silly as lambs. Most of the antics are put on by the male, but his intended partner joins in when she feels like it. They swoop low and zoom high, sometimes turning somersaults in the air. Possibly as a term of endearment either crow may utter what one book calls "the love song." To my ears, however, it sounds more like a dog crunching a bone.

The aerobatics completed, the two may bill and caress each other like doves on a branch, or they may flee from one tree to another, the female pursued by the male but somehow never quite seeming to be able to escape.

This isn't always done just in pairs.

Nesting begins in April. The nest is a bulky affair of twigs and sticks, usually well-hidden in the top of a tall evergreen. Although it looks crude, a crow's nest is actually well-built and may last for years. It's deep and cuplike within, lined with hair, soft shreds of bark or bits of fur. It has the capacity of a mixing bowl to accommodate the female or her slightly larger mate, whose total length may exceed 20 inches.

Since there's sometimes a scarcity of tall evergreens, other trees may have to be used, or several crows may nest in the same tree. Then, too, three crows have been known to share the same nest. A book on birds, in commenting on this scandalous state of affairs, managed to keep a strictly scientific approach to the eternal triangle. "Since the sexes are so similar," it reported, "it is impossible to

tell whether polygamy or polyandry is being practiced."

Raucous crows are silent crows near the nest. They fly to their home by a devious route. Then they steal quietly to the nest and settle down like shadows. The last crow's nest I inspected was typical. It had four greenish eggs a little smaller than pingpong balls, spotted with brown.

The eggs hatch in about eighteen days. Baby crows are naked and blind at first, are silent and helpless, but in less than a week their eyes are open. From hatching until they fly away more than a month later, their main interest in life is food.



They may easily consume half their weight in food every day. So my four crow's eggs, if they produced normal, one-pound birds, represented half a hundred pounds of food that was flown up to that tree by the parents.

This food probably was made up of everything from eggs and nestlings of other birds to fruit, insects and even carrion. In fact Vermont crows do the same job as vultures in the south, cleaning up car-killed animals on the highway.

Parental silence is quickly made up for by the cries of the youngsters. You can hear a nest of baby crows half a mile away when the wind is right. If the call of the adults can be described as "caw, caw," the young would be characterized as "car, car." It's at this noisy stage that the young are usually taken by enterprising school-boys who gather them at considerable personal risk. It's no small task to fight off a pair of determined adults, cling to a

swaying treetop and capture an active youngster.

It's surprising how many ways a crow can say "caw." It plays almost endless variations on this single theme—a short, quick danger call, a longer rallying call, a food call and a "mob" call, used when it spies a hawk or owl, which is pestered until it flies away.

The crow is a wonderful mimic, too. A few years ago we had a little puppy tied to a tree in the back yard. He yelped and wailed as if he was about to catch pneu-

monia in the September sun. Then suddenly his cries increased in volume.

"Maybe we'd better go see if he's all right," my wife said. There sat our puppy, wailing piteously, while above him were three crows. Every time he'd yelp, they'd yelp right back. And it was hard to tell which cry was the most agonizing.

Pet crows are as good at mimicking as their wild brothers. Of course you don't have to split their tongues to help them talk. That old belief is cruel and senseless. One of my boyhood chums had a crow which could laugh or cry. It even got so that it could say "hello" and "howdydoo" and "goodbye."

It also learned to swear, a trick picked up all by itself. Swear words usually are uttered loudly, distinctly and emphatically—and it didn't take Inky long to get the hang of it. None of us boys ever had any idea where it heard such words.

Wild or tame, *Corvus brachyrhynchos* (meaning "the crow with the short beak") is fully grown by early fall. Now the families gather together in small groups. These get together in larger groups and finally into huge flocks. It's these flocks

that so effectively can mob the great horned owl. This is about the only predator which the crow has good reason to fear, for the owl can easily nab a crow while it's sleeping. So great is the enmity between the two that hunters often mount a stuffed owl in a tree. Then they sit back to wait for the fun.

As autumn advances, the great flocks leave such places as my Lincoln hills and head for the milder lowlands. I don't see them again until March. Corn left standing in the field on the flat farms near Lake Champlain may feed them all winter. Other flocks winter along the Lake itself, or even migrate to the seashore, where they forage along the beach by day, feeding on anything the tide brings up. If a shell is too hard, a crow may fly above a rock and drop it until it breaks.



At night they sleep in great rookeries, coming from all points of the compass to a chosen grove of trees. They fill the air with commotion as they flap and caw and hop from branch to branch.

Occasionally such rookeries are the subject of concerted attacks by irate farmers and sportsmen who figure that the only good crow is a dead one. Planting dynamite bombs in the ground beneath the trees, they blow thousands of them to kingdom come each year.

One sportsmen's group noted that a huge flock of these birds was roosting in a clump of trees near a lake. Night after night the crows came by the thousands. So the men spent part of one day and all of the next, wiring the trees and concealing lethal charges of dynamite along the limbs at strategic points.

After all was in readiness, the men gathered in a little knot to witness the destruction that would take place when they pushed the fatal plunger.

And you guessed it. Not a single crow showed up.





An Autumnal A B C

AUTUMN in Vermont is a tri-part season, magically compounded of blazing foliage, the crystal clarity of air, and a golden light shed by the southward-slipping sun. It is the last two elements which, in nature's miraculous way, create the memorable glory of the first. The even green which a thousand kinds of tree and shrubs have worn all through the summer now turn, as if in compensation for the cold ahead, each to its own gay and distinctive hue.

*Above, Chelsea, by JOHN VONDELL
Right, Lower Waterford, by DICK SMITH*

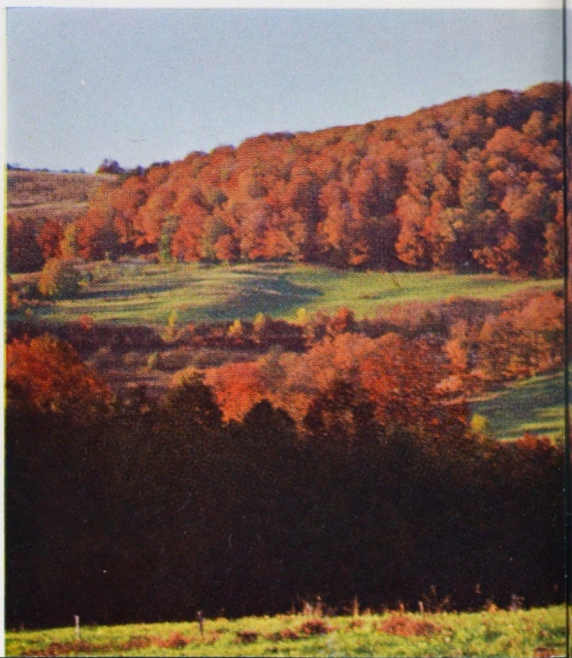


Below, Quechee Gorge, by RUTH ARCHER
Right, Bromley Mountain, by GENE AHRENS
Below, Pomfret Meadow, by R. D. LASALLE

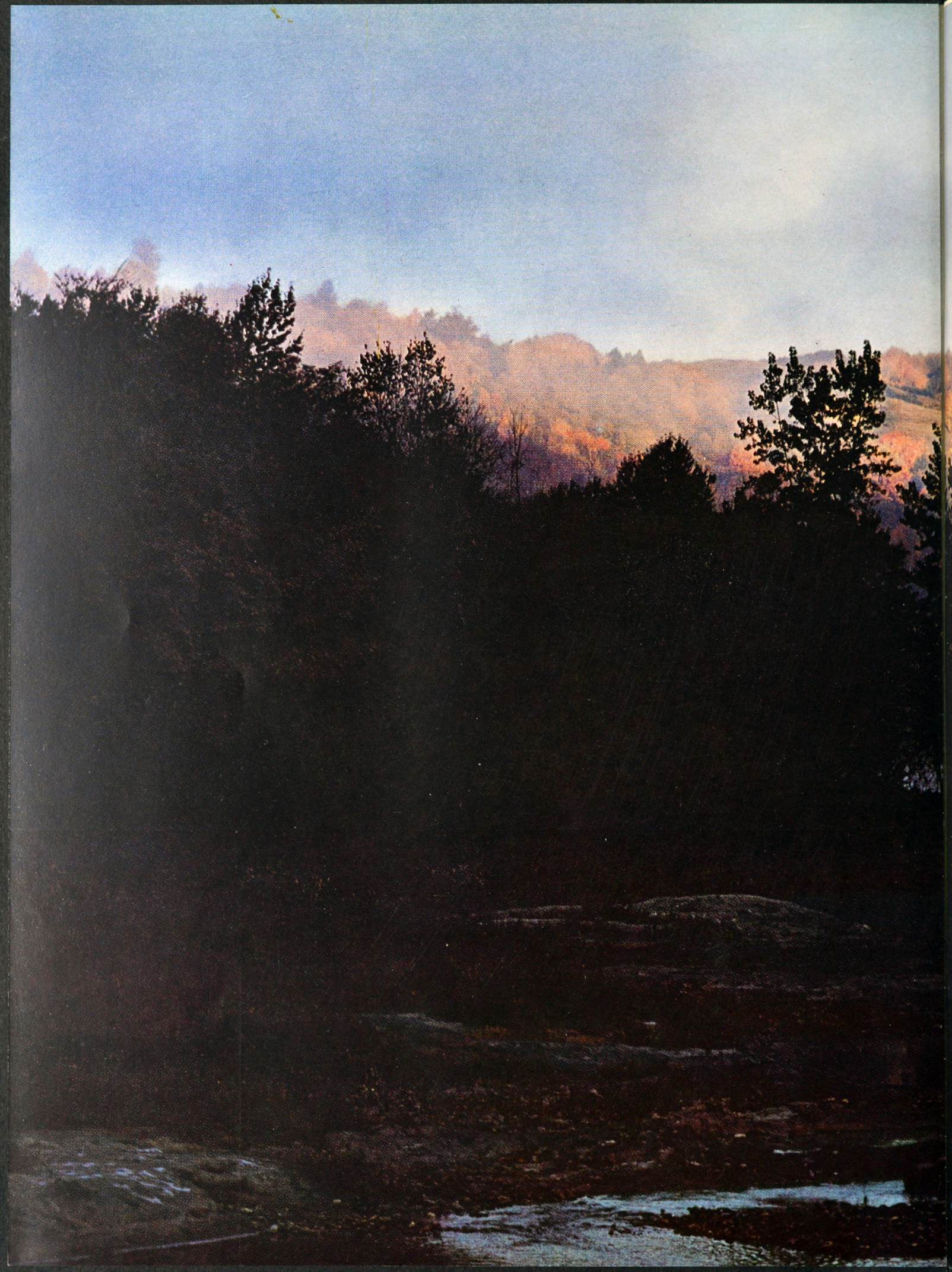
Overleaf, White River at South Royalton, by DAVID LAWLOR

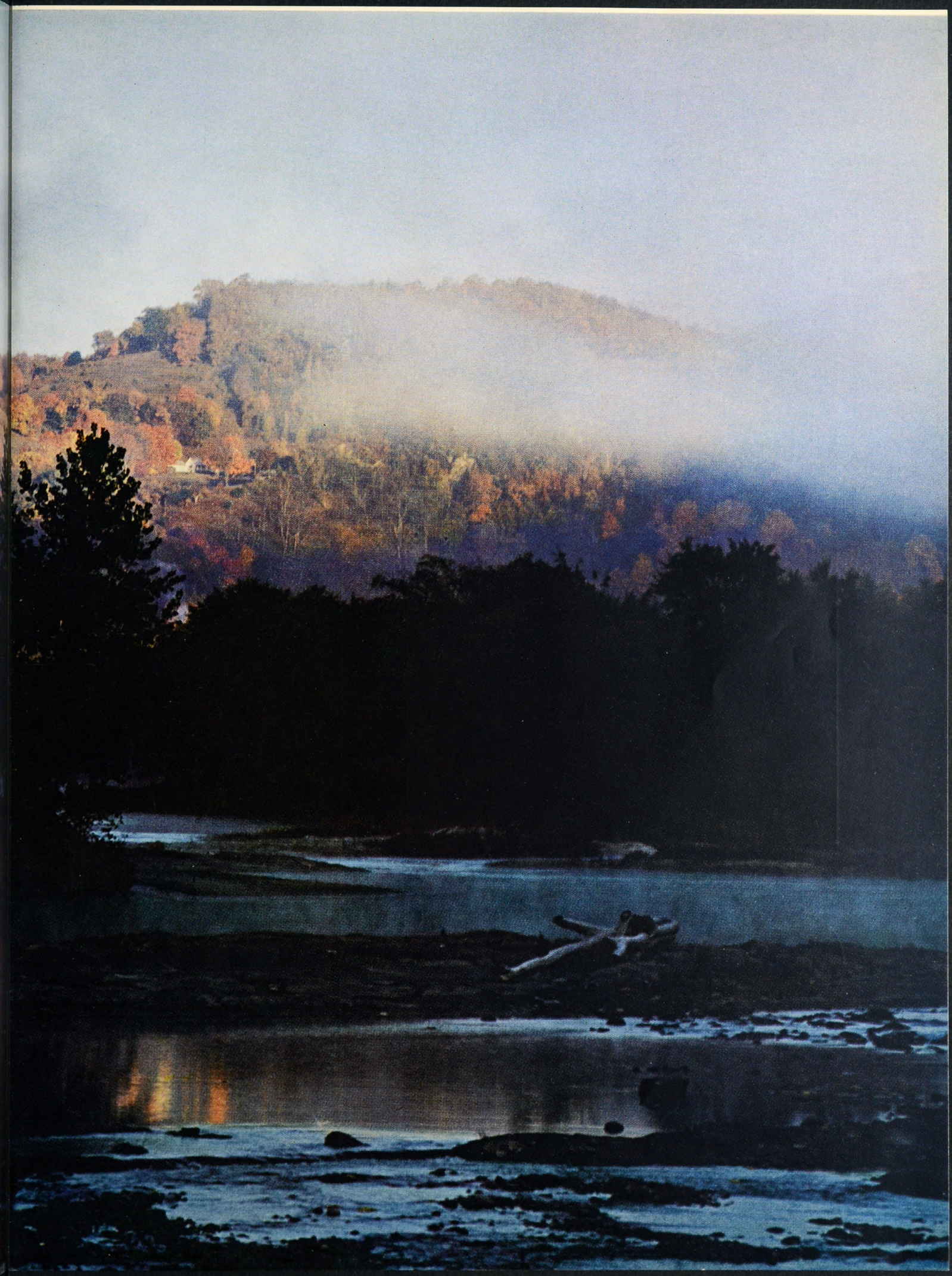


BEFORE the autumnal brilliance fades to russet and then to browns, there come those glorious afternoons when close-by vistas, rolling panoramas, and a view of children in a still-green meadow, seem illuminated by an inner brilliance. The sun, each side of midday, has a soporific warmth. The quiet air carries the soft scents of ferns newly touched by frost, and wood smoke rising in thin plumes from distant chimneys.





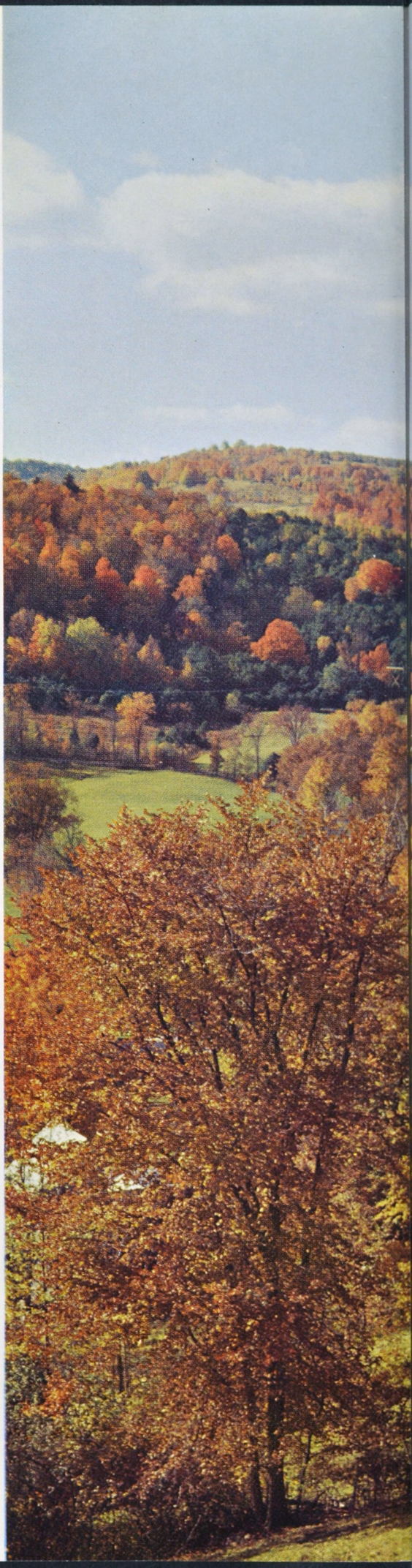


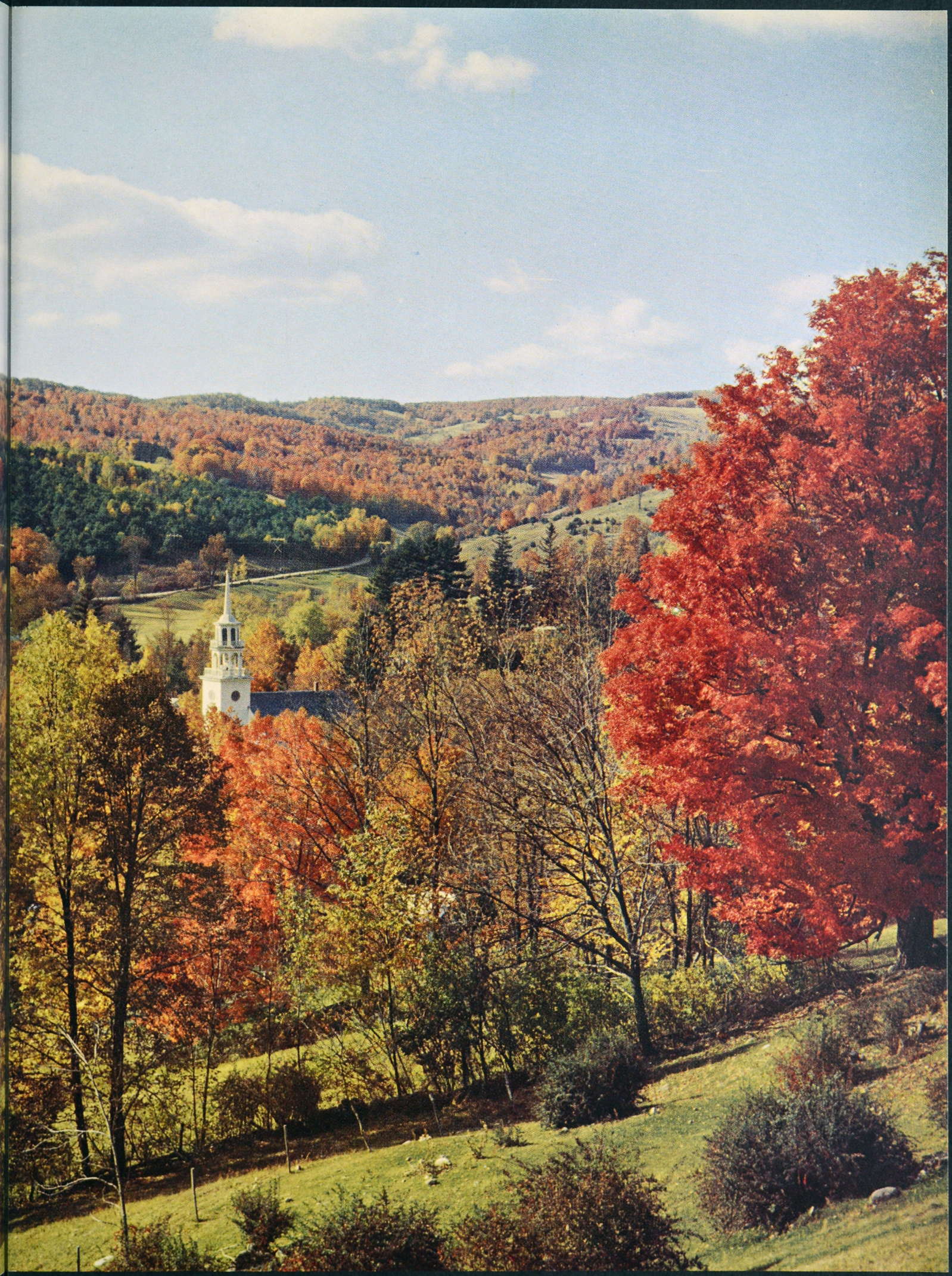


*Right, Strafford Village, by JACK BREED
Below, Pleasant Valley, by DICK SMITH*



CHILL are these Autumn mornings. The close-cropped pastures are silvered by the frost, until the pale sun breaks through the mist, for a time leaving white tracings on the grass where tree trunks cast their shadows. But soon the world of warmth and color is restored. Across a thousand flame-crested hills which etch the blue above them, the golden light strikes against clean-washed white villages, bringing us one more Autumn day. W. R. H., J. R.







A Hunter with his Dog

Story and photographs by HANSON CARROLL

“WHAT’S THE BELL FOR?” the boy asked as he looked at Mike. Not surprised at the question, for it’s one people often ask. I told him Mike was an English Setter bird dog, and when the bell stops ringing you can tell he’s on point.

The boy accepted the explanation without question, and there was a long pause as we watched Mike, eager but panting, near the old orchard where I thought a grouse should have been. I wanted to go on and explain that *generally* when the bell stops the dog is on point . . . *if* everything goes well, that *not* always can you hear the bell when the dog is ranging too far, that there *are* times when the dog appears not to smell the bird at all . . . and the whole process of dog smells bird, bell stops, hunter finds dog, flushes bird, shoots bird, simply goes to pieces. But I didn’t know the youth at all; in fact we had just come upon each other hunting, he without a dog and I with Mike, both shotgun armed and birdless.

He still seemed doubtful: “Doesn’t the bell scare the birds?” Sensing a creeping scepticism I asked him to tag along and I would show him how it works. I knew there was a bird in the area since I had heard it flush ahead, earlier. Mike was having one of his many fine, faultless days, but as we started out I still felt my faith in bird dogs was on trial.

Mike made beautiful casts to the left and right, hunting the likely places, then checking back in with us to fix position as we walked along. As he ran he leapt over tumble-down and dashed through saplings as though they were slalom poles. His bell was rhythmic and clear.

Suddenly on a far cast his tail lost its merry whip and started a game-scenting slow movement. He continued into the cover, then was out of sight. The bell stopped. I raised my hand to the youth. “Hold it!” I said. There was not a sound in the woods save for an occasional rustle of some dead leaves. Mike could not be seen.

I repeated myself: “Hold it—do you hear that? The bell has stopped” I was trying to suppress my amazement. We had been gone less than five minutes, and it all seemed too easy. Already I was proud of Mike. What a showman, I mused. Does he really have a bird? A few steps further and there he was, half obscured by a fallen tree. His tail straight and motionless, his nose high, his eyes in a glassy stare, not a muscle moved as we approached. There was a large pine ahead and the situation looked familiar. The bird would hold on the far side of the tree in a typical grouse maneuver, when we approached the tree he would burst into flight, putting the tree in the path of the line of fire.

“You go around one way and I’ll go the other, one of us ought to get a shot. The bird should be about twenty yards ahead of the dog,” I said. I knew I sounded like a drill sergeant but Mike had earned me my stripes, and I was dominating the hunt. In fact the boy was watching me with the same fascination that Mike held for the bird, both were on point. As we worked into position I thought it would be nice to end the whole demonstration right here. Suppose there was nothing there, and Mike was on an old scent? I wanted to give this boy the kind of devotion to bird dogs that I had started all too late. This one incident might convert him to this fine type of hunting. He looked to be about fourteen, and as he came up behind Mike, his double barrel shotgun in ready position, he showed a lot of knowhow. I moved to the right of the tree looking for a hole to shoot through, and on the next step the bird exploded away from us, allowing only a blurred form through the branches to shoot at. I shot knowing I could never hit it but I wanted to assure Mike that I had tried. The echoing noise seemed to be a grand finale to the demonstration. The bird flew on unscathed. Mike remained on point but less intense and his eyes were shifting as he waited for me to tap him on the head, the signal to move on.

“Cool” said the boy. “That’s the way to find birds all right.” He then left through an opening in the trees and started across

a field for a distant road. I watched him and marvelled how anyone could take such a performance for granted. I had hoped he would ask me at least a hundred questions to satisfy some of the pride I have when hunting over a great dog. I wanted to sit down on the nearest stump, stroke Mike’s head and tell his story. It’s not *all* instinct. There’s got to be the desire to please—what they call a biddable dog—but there was no one to listen.

Mike was loaned to me after being trained for field trial competition in Massachusetts. His owner, Dr. Burton Hamilton, could no longer run him, so “Doc” had asked me to hunt him this Fall, because his early promise and spirit as a field trial dog had slowly waned until it almost seemed his fine blood lines had been watered down. On several occasions in trials he had simply stopped hunting before the appointed hour’s time was over, and had sheepishly come to heel. His once-bright competition career was fading, but the autumn hunt, which has been known to relieve both man and beast of untold troubles, might offer its mysterious therapy.

Those first moments when I looked out at Mike near my house, and saw his merry dash and enthusiasm, the hunts I had cherished over slower dogs seemed endlessly tiring. But as suddenly as it all started it finished; Mike disappeared!

For three endless days I searched for him; then on the fourth day I returned again to where he had vanished, and at the



Mike, his tail straight, nose high, eyes in a glassy stare, stands on point. At right, he’s off again in the brush, bell tinkling.



*A hunting dog appreciates a cooling plunge.
At right Mike freezes near a likely cover.*

first call of "Mike" there he was, standing before me, tail wagging and in good health.

Day after day, to the background of Mike's hunting voice, his bell, we hunted favorite grouse and woodcock covers, watching the leaves slowly turn. The actual number of birds never mattered in this world of peace and color. The lasting memories are those sudden, silent moments when the bell stopped and Mike could be seen through the multi-colored cover, back-lit by sun as if a hundred lights were playing on him.

Mike is now back in field trials in Massachusetts. He has had several wins and is now regarded on this competitive circuit as the dog to watch. When his bell stops there, over a planted pheasant, and the crowd applauds and his handler makes the flush, I can't help hoping that he remembers, as I do, that Autumn in Vermont.



The end to a fine day in the woods brings a special happiness to both man and dog.



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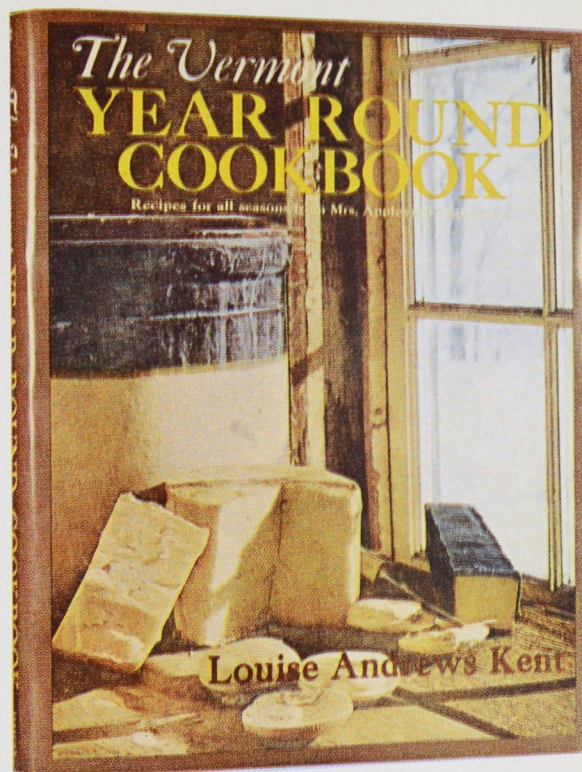


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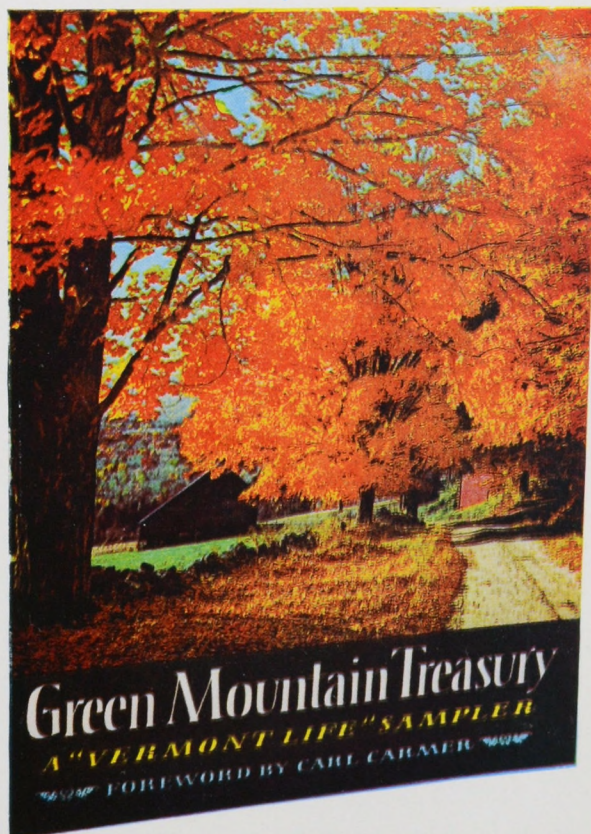


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*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;*

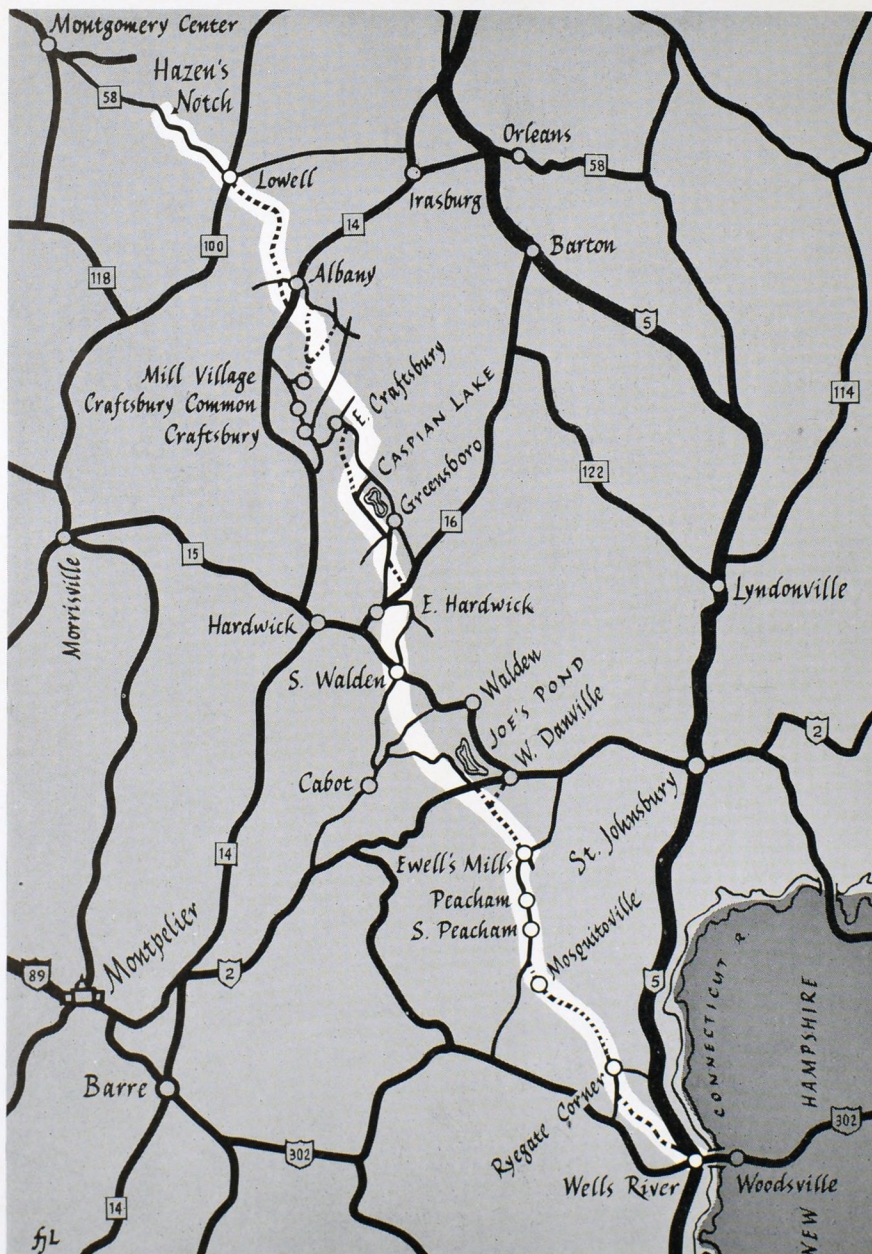
ROBERT FROST, "The Road Not Taken"

The Bayley-Hazen Military Road

CONCEIVED FOR THE INVASION OF CANADA, IT OPENED NORTHEASTERN VERMONT FOR SETTLEMENT INSTEAD, AND REMAINS TODAY THREADING TOGETHER SOME OF VERMONT'S MOST BEAUTIFUL UPLAND COUNTRY

by MARCUS A. MCCORISON

Photographed by SONJA BULLATY
and ANGELO LOMELO



AMONG THE PRIMAL URGES in the soul of a man is the remembrance of things past—a need to align one's self with generations gone before—and few things bring the past more immediately to the present than an old road, mottled with sunlight sifted through radiant, pendant leaves. There is such a road, leading from the hurrying village of Wells River, which can carry the imagination of a wayfarer back nearly two centuries when the land was virginal and so too, one would like to think, was man's spirit.

From the north bank of Wells River, not far above its confluence with the Connecticut, nor from the site of Er Chamberlain's mill, General Jacob Bayley of Newbury in April, 1776, started to build a road to St. Johns, Quebec. Although the plan was Bayley's, the orders came from George Washington who hoped that the shorter route from Charlestown, New Hampshire, to St. Johns would aid the army commanded by Benedict Arnold which encircled the walls of Quebec. However, before two months had passed the Americans were forced to evacuate Canada and Bayley's troops halted work about twenty-five miles above their starting place on the Connecticut.

Following the solid footing of ridges and hilltops, the roadway often opens upon panoramas of great beauty with the White Mountains forming the eastern horizon for the intervalles and hills of the southerly region. From Cabot Plains, the



views are to the west and north with the Green Mountains, from Couching Lion to Jay Peak, serving as a blue, inverted valance of the sky.

It was at Cabot Plains that Moses Hazen of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and St. Johns, took up Bayley's work in April, 1779, when American hopes for a Canadian fourteenth colony were still alive. Until August, Hazen's men pushed the road northwest, only to leave in haste when news of British patrols reached the camp in Hazen's Notch, about thirty-five miles beyond their beginning and still

more than thirty miles short of the original goal of St. Johns.

No American troops ever marched to glory over this military road although British sorties with their Indian cohorts came and went upon it almost as if it were their own. In 1779, 1780, 1781 and 1782 they came to harass, capture and kill. Following the war, it usefully served as the route of settlers moving northward into empty townships and along it the earliest clearings were made.

In recent years parts of the road have been given up, although nearly all of it re-

Here at Wells River on the Connecticut, work was begun on the Road the summer of 1776 by Gen. Bayley and 110 men.



mained in use and essentially unaltered throughout the nineteenth century. No doubt the first section to be abandoned was in the marshes of Craftsbury, and that long ago, where all trace of the road has disappeared. Elsewhere, at least one farmer would be happy if the old route had been kept open, for on town meeting days, rather than going five miles over the mountain to the village, he now must drive twenty miles through two other towns in order to exercise his franchise.

The way now passes the homely monuments of local history—places such as Bible Hill with the Rowell's stand of virgin pine; the James Whitelaw homestead, where lived the first settler of Barnet and first surveyor-general of the state; Ticklenaked Pond in Ryegate which has thus far escaped legislative improvement; a fork in the road called Mosquitoville with its Scotch Covenanter's church; Harvey Mountain; the Elkins Tavern where British raiders carried off Col. Thomas Johnson and Jonathan Elkins (but not, as tradition has it, the same house where a young Elkins boy hid in a secret closet) and the site of the first habitation in Peacham; Peacham Academy, founded in 1795; Cow Hill and the earliest settlement in Danville on the shore of Joe's Pond, marked only by a cemetery and cellar holes; the Bolton farm on Cabot Plains tilled by the family that cleared the land,



String-straight was the rule, up hill and down, the scene at left near Ryegate Corner. Above is an abandoned trace at Mosquitoville in Barnet. Right: looking south from Elkins Tavern in Peacham.





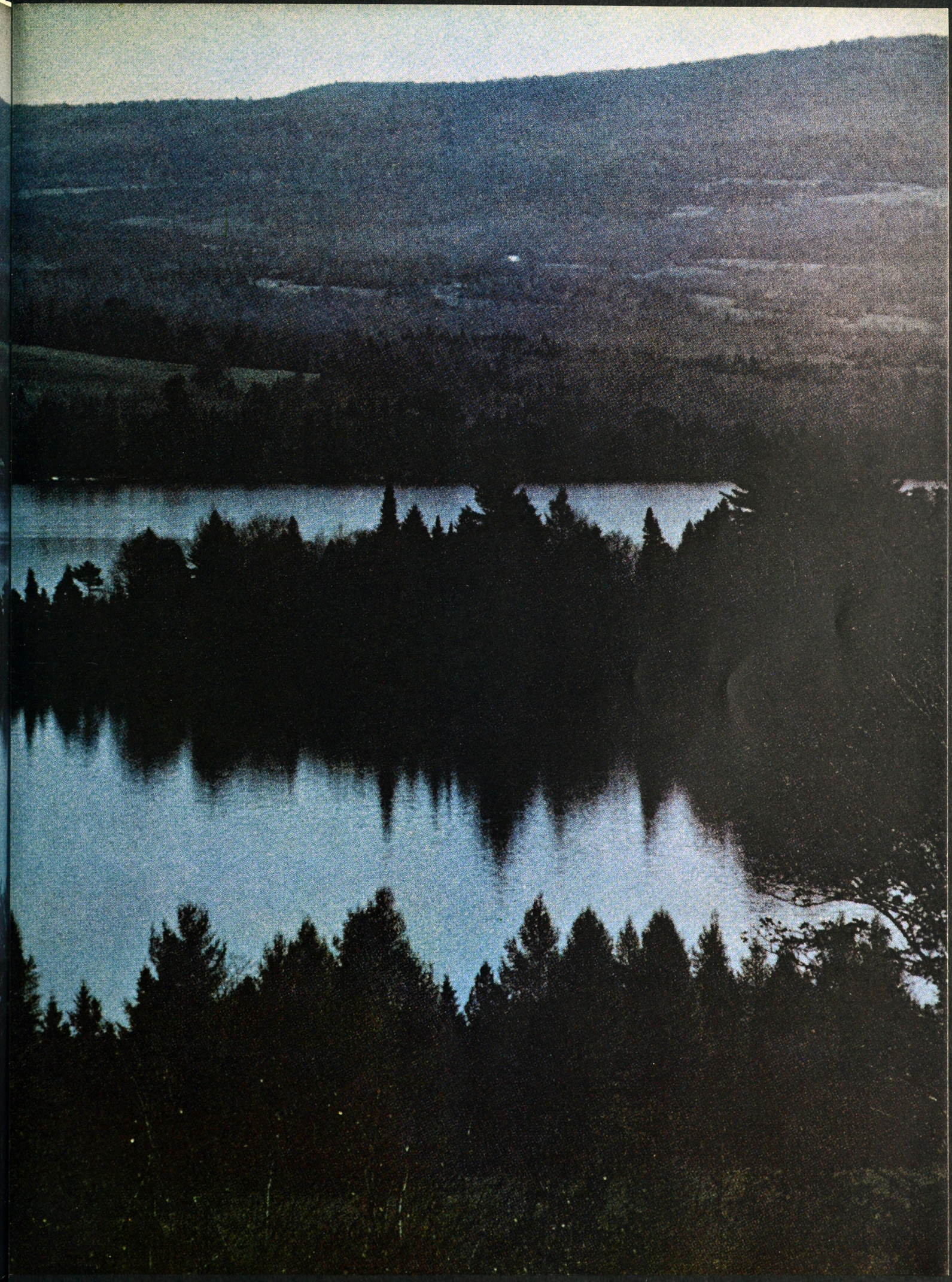
The William Boltons' ancestral farm in Cabot Plains stands on the old Road line, which also skirts Joe's Pond, lying just to the east, which is shown at twilight, right.

with glorious vistas from mountain range to mountain range.

Up in the woods beyond, is a small stone marking the place of General Hazen's first camp and to the north, Burbank Hill, its elms silhouetted against the sky; further along is the location of a block house within whose walls lived the first settler of Walden; the Farrington stand at South Walden and up the road the church with a piscatorial weathervane; the Lamoille River above East Hardwick; Hardwick Street of ancient trees and handsome homes; Caspian Lake on whose shore stood the block house where Moses Sleeper and Constant Bliss were killed by Indians in 1781 and where eight years later the Shepard family first settled in Greensboro; Mount Sarah; Cate Hill in Minden (now Craftsbury); the swamps of the Hosmer Ponds and Black River at Lutterloh (or Albany); the road built out over the side of Lowell Mountain, still a lovely lane; down into Lowell (once Kellyvale) with blue Canadian mountain peaks to the north and green mountains quickly rising on the west; and finally the declivity between granite walls, called Hazen's Notch where the Long Trail crosses the highway and where the toiling men stopped work so many years ago.

On this rural highway the traveler can think himself into the nineteenth or even eighteenth century. Over gravelled roads,







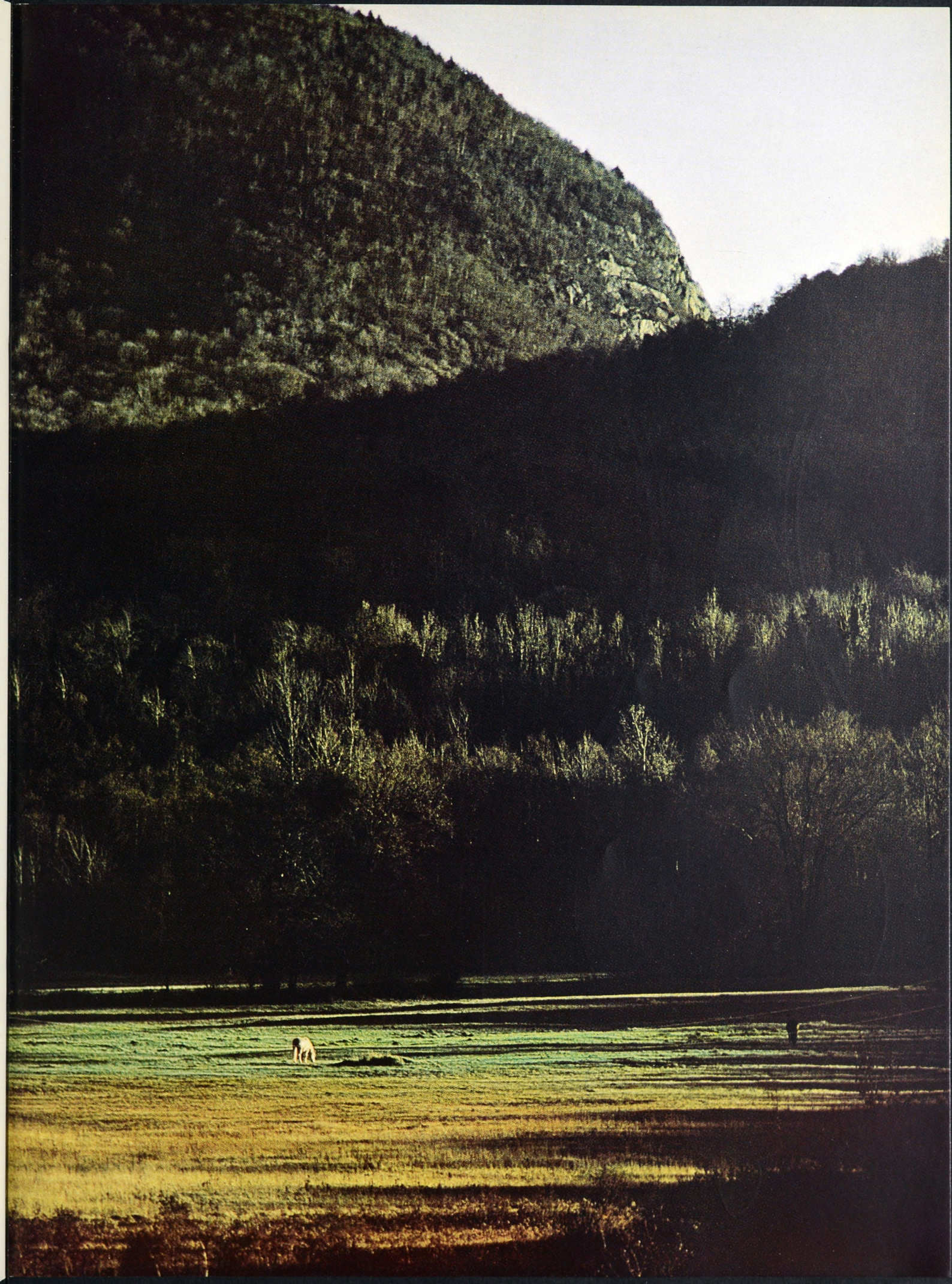
macadamized highways, and shady lanes, across rusty railroad tracks, through tangled brush and down rock-rimmed stream beds he traces the mark of the past. Past sagging hulks of barns, beside the sunken graves of homesteads, through lush pastures of thriving farms, he goes to capture history. But, he never can! As did the poet, he has made his turnings at divergences in a road years and miles behind and like this old road, he travels on to other destinations in other days. Even so, who can deny this backward glance into a yellow wood, in the hope of learning what was or might have been?

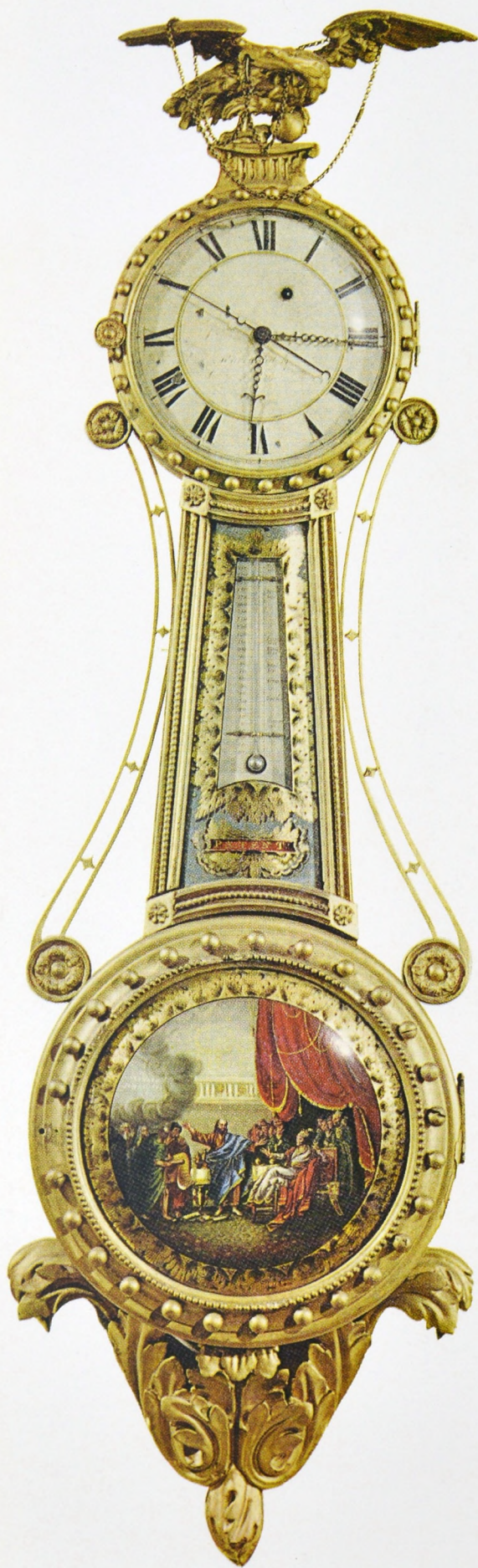


HOW TO SEE THE ROAD

Much of the old Road is open for motor travel today, the intersections well marked by special signs. The Road's abandoned sections—notably the over-the-mountain climb from Albany to Lowell—provide fascinating walking and riding trails. Drivable sections range from blacktop to gravel to grassy lanes. A full account of the Bayley-Hazen Road and also very complete strip maps to assist the motorist or hiker, may be ordered from the Northeastern Vermont Development Association, 60 Depot Street, Lyndonville. The History is 50¢ and the Map Booklet is \$1, each postpaid.

Above, one looks back to southern mountains from the Road's long-abandoned climb out of Albany. At right is the sharp cleft of Hazen's Notch against the setting sun.



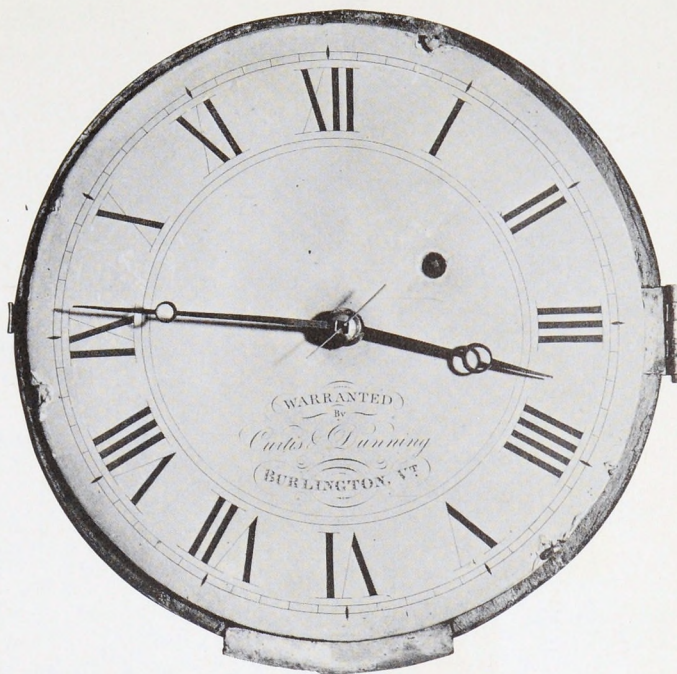


Face characteristics of Burlington collector's Curtis and Dunning banjo are typical except for hands.

ALMOST UNKNOWN EVEN TO
MOST NEW ENGLAND HISTORIANS
YET DESIGNER OF AMERICA'S
FINEST TIMEPIECES, WAS
VERMONT LEMUEL CURTIS,

the Clock maker of old Burlington

By RALPH NADING HILL



ALTHOUGH he made the finest wall clocks in America Lemuel Curtis of Concord, Massachusetts and Burlington, Vermont is virtually unknown except to clock fanciers. Only fleeting mention of his early life and work is found in Massachusetts and his name is all but absent from Vermont archives. The preeminent workmanship in his banjo and unique girandole clocks has long been overshadowed by that of Simon Willard and his brother Aaron. The Willards succeeded both artistically and financially while the painstaking Curtis, who came along a little too late just as mass production of thirty-hour shelf clocks was winning the day, died in penury. Yet the attention to detail that characterizes his movements and the design and embellishments of his cases have earned for Curtis and his clocks such encomiums among horologists and clock historians as the "peer of all the Willards and master of most" (Carl W. Drepperd); "even more elegant than Simon Willard's presentation clocks" (Walter A. Dyer);

and "more ornament and pleasing proportions" (Wallace Nutting).

Either the rigors of a century and a half have taken an exceptional toll or else Curtis made comparatively few clocks. Thirty-eight years ago Wallace Nutting referred to them as "rare," a word he used sparingly, while as early as 1923 Walter H. Durfee noted in *Antiques* that girandoles were already commanding prices high enough to make their "faking" profitable. It is too bad that Curtis could not have been alive to be paid even this dubious compliment.

The descendant of William Curtis who settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts in 1632, Lemuel Curtis was born on July 3, 1790, the son of Samuel and of Sarah Partridge Curtis, whose sister married Aaron Willard. The family system of apprenticeship among early American craftsmen and Lemuel's relationship with the Willards assured his future and that of his brothers, Samuel, Benjamin, and Charles.

It is not known whether Lemuel was apprenticed in Roxbury to his Uncle Aaron's brother Simon, who patented the banjo clock in 1802, but by 1812 at the age of 21 he had moved into a shop near the court house in Concord, where he advertised himself as a clock and watchmaker and as a merchant of watch chains, silver spoons and candlesticks, gold

jewelry and pocketbooks. Clockmaking was obviously his chief concern, for in the same advertisement he called for two journeymen clockmakers.

Curtis apparently never made a grandfather clock, but concentrated from the beginning upon a facsimile of Willard's popular banjo, adding individual touches to the hands, cases, and movements to which he sometimes affixed his name. A few examples of the so-called gold front and base type survive from this period with Arabic numerals, occasionally with the original hands fashioned with the characteristic delicate loops. Among the subtle variations which make his banjos more pleasing than Aaron Willard's are slightly narrower waist panels, more harmonious proportions of the pendulum box, and a more delicate appearance of the recessed gilt rope borders. The reverse paintings and other decorations of the glasses of Curtis clocks indeed are more elaborate than most of those of his mentor, Simon Willard, who allowed only conservative decorations on waist panels and tablets of his clocks.

On December 1, 1814 Curtis married Mary Abbott of Concord. On July 12, 1816 he received a patent for an "improved timepiece." It was probably his splendid girandole but we can never be certain that it was not an improved feature

Fine girandole far left is a Heritage Foundation treasure at Old Deerfield. TAYLOR & DULL. Center girandole is in Cleveland. E. SANFORD. A Burlington collection banjo, right. MENGIS. First University of Vermont building is shown on Burlington banjo in Fleming Museum. MENGIS.

**Clock & Timepiece
MANUFACTORY,**
*Watch Repairing, Gold and Silver
Work, &c.*

CURTIS & DUNNING



HAVING fitted up commodious rooms in the building opening from the northeast corner of the Court-House square, Burlington, Vt. for carrying on the above business, in all its various branches, they intend to manufacture all kinds of eight day **BRASS CLOCKS** and **Timepieces,** for Meeting Houses, Banks, Parlours and other rooms. They have on hand a number of rich ParLOUR

Timepieces, one elegant **MUSICAL CLOCK.** Also, a number of **TIME-PIECES,** with Mahogany cases, as low as 25 dollars each. They have on hand and offer for sale, a valuable assortment of

WATCHES,

consisting of Gold and Silver repeaters, English and French double and single cased, capped, and plain. Having been long accustomed to the business, they offer to repair all kinds of **WATCHES,** in the best possible manner. They offer a new and fashionable assortment of **JEWELRY, HAIR WORK, SHELL COMBS,** all kinds of Silver Spoons, Gold Beads, Trimbles, Britannia, Plated and Laminated ware. Also, two cases of new rich and fashionable

WREATHS & FLOWERS

Their goods have been carefully selected, a part of them

This Curtis & Dunning ad appeared in the Northern Sentinel, Burlington, June 1, 1821.

of the movement, for his drawings were lost in a fire in the United States Patent Office. The girandole, so-called because the pendulum box was patterned after the round gilded girandole mirrors that were in fashion from 1810 to 1830, was in form a dramatic departure from the standard banjo. Surmounted by a carved and gilded eagle with outspread or folded wings, its carefully painted face was framed in a brass bezel to which were often affixed a series of gilded brass balls. These were repeated in wood around the pine pendu-

lum box, though in greater number, as many as thirty-seven, depending upon their size.

The vestigial wall bracket which Curtis always attached to his finer clocks formed for the girandole a base of finely carved acanthus leaves. Reverse paintings of mythological or patriotic scenes on the convex lower glass, and of eagle and shield, scroll or other designs on the waist panel, presented a pleasant contrast to the gilded pine bracket, while the graceful brass sidearms relieved the angularity of the tall narrow mahogany case outlined in rope turning. The height of the clock was about 45 inches; the movement was similar to that of the banjo, though the pendulum was a little longer.

Since Curtis probably made no more than fifty of these handsome timepieces it is doubtful that more of them have survived than of his banjos, as some have claimed. In any case, if the patent he was granted was for the girandole he must have made most of them after 1816. While much alike, they varied in proportion and detail, as in the number and size of balls around the bezel or pendulum box. Some had a sweep second hand and some a thermometer in the center glass. They were signed on the slightly convex iron dial or on the center glass but never, as in the case of the Willards, on the tablet of the pendulum box. They may be marked L. Curtis, L. Curtis, Patent, Warranted by L. Curtis, or Curtis and Dunning.

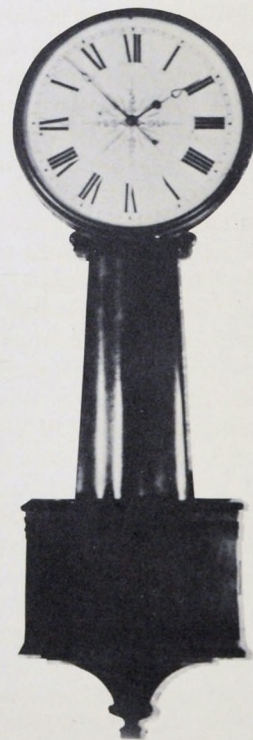
Born in Brunswick, Maine on January 2, 1795 Joseph Nye Dunning apparently completed his apprenticeship after joining Curtis; later their relationship appears to have been as partners or associates. It is not clear whether they made this arrangement a year or two before leaving Concord, or in 1818 when they are said to have appeared in Vermont. No evidence of their arrival in Burlington has been found, however, before the spring of 1821 when they advertised in *The Northern Sentinel* that they had fitted up "commodious rooms" in a building on the northeast corner of Court House Square where they intended to make "all kinds of eight day **BRASS CLOCKS** for Meeting Houses, Banks, Parlours and other rooms."

In the fall of 1821 Curtis leased a substantial new brick dwelling and half an acre of land on Cherry Street three blocks from their place of business. The Lake Champlain port of Burlington, in the heart of the "New West," had been freed from the threat of invasion from Canada by MacDonough's victory over the British fleet in 1814 and was entering a

period of growth and prosperity. Curtis and Dunning expected that they would do, and in the beginning must have done, a satisfactory business selling watches, jewelry, silver and other articles. If their Burlington "Clock and Timepiece Manufactory" was arranged as it had been in Concord they repaired watches and kept the store in one room and in the other established their clockmaking shop where they could supervise their apprentices.

A weathering gravestone in Elmwood Cemetery informs us of the death of Lemuel Abbott Curtis, age 6, on October 8, 1823. Apparently to assuage his grief by turning his attention to other matters, his father the very next day presented a **PETITION FOR ORGANIZATION OF THE RIFLE COMPANY OF THE TOWN OF BURLINGTON.** There were already two militia companies but Curtis was confident that a third composed of those exempted from the other two could render valuable service to the town and state. The petition was denied.

"Warranted by Curtis & Dunning, Burlington, Vt." is the only trademark distinguishing their Vermont clocks from those of Massachusetts, and since the dials of their banjos consist of iron covered with paper from an engraved plate, not many in their original state proclaim their origin. From advertisements in the news-



Unadorned variant of banjo clock appears to have been model designed for banks and public buildings.



A Curtis lyre clock shows the decorative iron hands characteristic of the maker.

papers, however, it appears that they added lyre, and for banks and churches, gallery clocks to their previous offering, in addition to derivations of the banjo, carefully made but stripped of ornamentation.

It is impossible to deduce how much Curtis and how much Dunning there is in each clock or, indeed, how much of Curtis's brothers in Massachusetts. The word "clockmaker" is a misnomer if it denotes an artisan who designed, made, and assembled all the components. Like most of his associates Curtis designed his clocks and made the brass movements but probably did not construct his cases and certainly did not carve or gild the brackets or paint the ornamental waist or pendulum box panels.

After an apprenticeship of seven years the early nineteenth century clockmaker was considered competent to make his own wooden or brass movements. In the days before brass rolling mills this tedious and exacting process involved casting brass plates and wheel blanks in sand, hammering and polishing the plates, fashioning the small pinions, and cutting the teeth of the wheels with gear cutters or "clock machines." These ingenious devices permitted cutting varying numbers of teeth of varying depth on various sized wheels in a relatively short time: ten

minutes, it is said, for one wheel in the hands of a skilled operator.

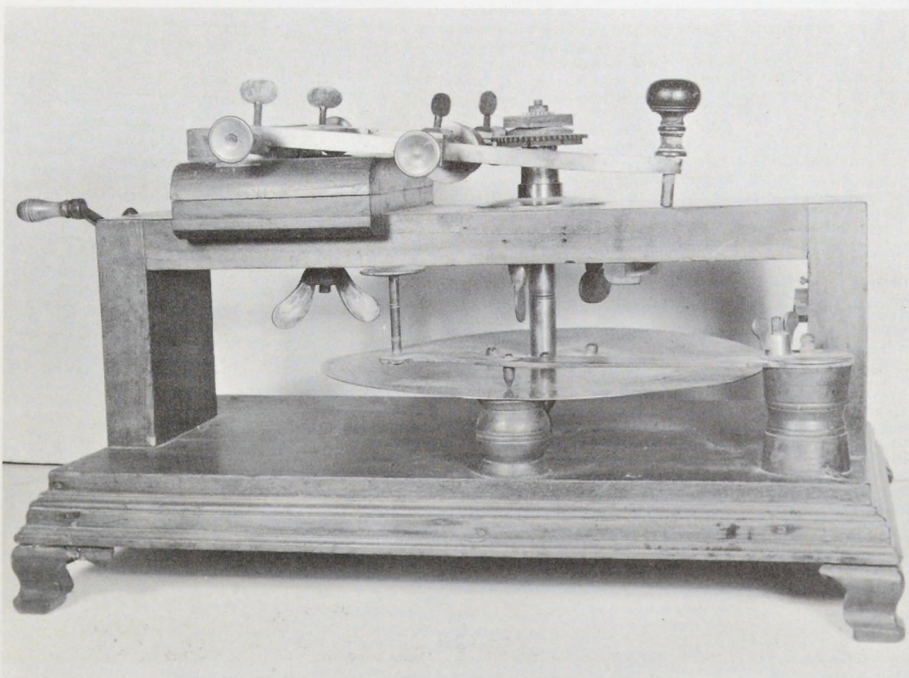
Although the family relationship entitled Curtis to use the Willard patent, his movements varied from those of the Willards in a number of details: in the design of the tie-down and suspension for the pendulum, in the keystone, in the wheel count, the method of attachment to the case, and in other ways. His carefully hammered, scraped, and polished plates and pillars have been likened to those of French clocks. He sometimes went so far as to decorate his wheels with nicely engraved circles, and the four posts that separate the front and rear plates, with ring turnings.

Dunning made movements alone in Burlington and collectively there with Curtis, but one authority, horologist Edwin B. Burt, has never seen a Dunning marked Concord or a Curtis (alone) marked Burlington, although he thinks the latter may exist.

Of the contributions of Curtis's brothers, the girandoles' iron dials with the carefully painted numerals were supplied by Samuel, born in 1785, eldest of the four and financially the most successful. During his long life as a decorator not only of dials and tablets for banjo and shelf clocks, but as a gilder and Boston manufacturer of mirrors and looking glasses, he reputedly amassed a fortune of \$150,000. Many of the finest reverse paintings on the rectangular and round convex pendulum box glasses were the work of a third brother, Benjamin B., who was associated with Samuel in the early 1820's. The

youngest, Charles, also started out decorating signs and ornamental glasses and became a well known portrait painter. The brothers adorned the lower panels with scenes like Perry's Victory on Lake Erie and *Aurora* with *Phoebus* driving the chariot of the sun; and the narrow waist glasses with scrolls, shields, flowers, oak leaves or acorns, often emphasizing a paprika red or a spruce gum tan that has been described as difficult, if not impossible, to reproduce.

While the services of the painter or gilder were not necessary for Curtis and Dunning's less ornamental clocks, those of the woodcarver were often indispensable, and those of the cabinetmaker always so. A great deal of carving is found in their lyre clocks, a design originating it is said, with Curtis's cousin, John Sawin, and with his former associate, Joseph Dyer, who removed to Middlebury, Vermont from Concord shortly after Curtis's departure for Burlington. An additional feature of the ornate lyre clock (illustrated on this page) is a striker which sounds on two piano wires that can be tuned. A banjo-derived shelf clock, with a cabinet expertly though simply fashioned of grained mahogany veneer, appears to be the subdued and stately model that Curtis and Dunning made for banks. Durfee credits Dunning with the design of this and another clock with a large face, a forerunner of the wall clocks made famous by the "Regulator" name in later decades. But those that have turned up marked J. N. Dunning alone, all have movements with Curtis characteristics; either the



This old clock machine was used to cut out gears from brass blanks. C. S. PARSONS.

latter supplied them or allowed Dunning to make them to his specifications.

From 1821 to 1832 they worked as partners or associates, remaining only a short time on Court House Square before moving half a block to a three-story brick building on the east side of Church Street. This Curtis first rented, then bought in 1824. At this time the partners became deeply involved jointly and separately in real estate, Curtis building two similar brick shops directly south from the first, one of which still stands at 104 Church Street; and Dunning renting, buying, mortgaging, and selling other property in the vicinity. That they were cash-poor is evident in their advertisement announcing that a "few double and single cased Silver Watches (good time-keepers) would be exchanged for good clear and common Boards, if offered soon."

Military goods and musical instruments including fifes and drums had been added to the jewelry and silverware they were carrying in their store; they were also continuing "to manufacture Eight-Day Brass Time-pieces with mahogany and gilt cases, from 23 to 35 dollars each, and warranted to keep correct time." In January, 1828 they announced that they were "very low" on clocks. An indentured apprentice named Solomon Butler ran away during the summer and in November they called for two or three more boys to learn the trade. In 1830 they gave up the jewelry business so they could concentrate exclusively upon the manufacture of eight-day

timepieces. They had, they asserted, "made some valuable improvements in the construction of clocks," had a great variety on hand "among which are some new and elegant patterns . . . to some of which the striking part and the alarm is attached," and were ready to receive orders from any part of the country.

Curtis's twenty-year career as a clockmaker ended in 1832 when he became a merchant and grocer. Dunning continued as a clockmaker, advertising in December, 1832 that the alarm attachment was "a very convenient and desirable article for those who require to be called at a particular hour." He was willing to exchange his clocks for farm produce and was offering a twenty-year guarantee. A year later the public was informed that a "few cords of wood will be received in payment for time pieces if delivered this Winter. Those who promised me wood last Winter are informed it would be very acceptable about these days."

Curtis at this time was deeply engaged in the sale of "cambricks and cassimeres," bonnets and parasols, raisins and molasses, codfish and mackerel. He appears to have held his own, or better, until caught in the undertow of the great depression of 1837, when he mortgaged all his property including his seventy-five-dollar pew in the White Meeting House. Unable to meet interest payments the following year he quitclaimed to the mortgagee title to \$10,000 of assets and announced that he was resuming his former business of

watch repairing—though probably not of clockmaking. Volume production of inexpensive thirty-hour shelf clocks with wooden works had captured the market, and that market was soon to be preempted by inexpensive brass movements whose components were stamped by machine from plates turned out by rolling mills.

Dunning struggled on making and repairing clocks and watches until his death on December 14, 1841 at the age of 46. His second wife Frances (Charity, his first, had died at 28) received but \$151.15, since he was found to have debts of \$2,226.01 and assets of only \$983.26. These included two volumes of Shakespeare, the *Life of Buchanan* and the right to repossess twenty clocks.

In 1839 Curtis announced himself as an agent of looking glasses "at the sign of the watch"; in 1842 he petitioned for bankruptcy. That year and the next he is listed in *Walton's Vermont Register* as a merchant of jewelry on Court House Square where he and Dunning started out. In March of 1843 he advertised that he could accommodate a few boarders. No further mention of his activities has been found, nor any evidence to corroborate the statement that he died in Burlington in 1857. It has also been written that his wealthy brother Samuel, after losing a large part of his fortune trying to help Edward Howard and D. P. Davis establish the Boston Watch Company, moved to Burlington where he died in 1879 at the advanced age of 94—but there is no evidence to confirm this either. In view of the mystery of his later years it is considered likely that Lemuel may also have been associated with Howard, since many details of early Howard and Davis clocks bear a more than casual resemblance to his. He must, in any case, have died a poor and discouraged man.

There is nothing new in the poverty of an artist who fashions something too well because he would not do it any other way even if he could; nor in the affluence of imitators who succeed in debasing an object so they can sell a great many at a cheaper price. The original lives on, because it is at the most a work of art and at the least a work of integrity.

Acknowledgments

The help of the following is gratefully acknowledged: David Blow, Edwin B. Burt, Mrs. Frances Dustin Cooley, Mrs. James W. Marvin, Brooks Palmer, Charles S. Parsons, Albert Partridge, William B. Pinney, Sylvester Vigilante, and Col. John Williams. The assistance of Forrest W. Kehoe is especially appreciated. ∞



Building at right was Thomas's Hotel, which stood near the southwest corner of Church and College Streets, Burlington. Curtis and Dunning set up shop here in 1821.

AS THE CITIZENS OF THE VILLAGE LOOKED ON
A FIRE WAS KINDLED
AND, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODSTOCK GREEN,

they burned the Vampire's heart to ashes

by ROCKWELL STEPHENS Illustrated by ROBERT MACLEAN

IN THE FALL of 1890, there appeared on the first page of Woodstock's weekly newspaper, *THE VERMONT STANDARD*, a story that might well have come out of the seventeenth instead of the nineteenth century. On page 1 of the issue of October 9, under the single arresting headline "VAMPIRISM IN WOODSTOCK" was the following, which we give verbatim:

"The following remarkable story is reprinted here as given in the *BOSTON TRANSCRIPT*. A further elucidation of the matter is furnished below.

"Even in New England curious and interesting material may be found among old people descended from the English colonial settlers. About five years ago an old lady told me that, fifty years before our conversation, the heart of a man was burned on Woodstock Green, Vermont. The man had died of consumption six months before and the body buried in the ground. A brother of the deceased fell ill soon after and in a short time it appeared that he, too, had consumption; when this became known the family decided at once to disinter the body of the dead man and examine his heart. They did so, and found the heart undecayed, and containing liquid blood. Then they reinterred the body, took the heart to the middle of Woodstock Green, where they kindled a fire under an iron pot, in which they placed the heart and burned it to ashes.

"The old lady who told me this was living in Woodstock at the time, and said she saw the disinterment and burning with her own eyes."

The writer, who fails to disclose his source of information, continues and embellishes the account as follows:

"We may as well help the old lady's recollections in this matter and fill in with further details what she has left incomplete. To be particular in dates, the incident happened about the middle of June, 1830. The name of the family concerned was Corwin, and they were near relatives of the celebrated Thomas Cor-

win, sometime Senator in Congress from Ohio, well known for his wit and attractiveness as an orator. The body disinterred was buried in the Cushing cemetery. With regard to the cause of the illness that had seized the brother of the deceased, there was a general consensus of opinion among all the physicians at that time practicing in Woodstock. These embraced the honored names of Dr. Joseph A. Gallup, Dr. Burnwell, Dr. John D. Powers, Dr. David Palmer, Dr. Willard who recently died in New York, not to mention other members of the profession at that time residing in Woodstock and held in high repute at home and abroad. These all advised the disinterment as above described, all being clearly of the opinion that this was a case of assured vampirism. Only there was a slight controversy between Drs. Gallup and Powers as to the exact time that the brother of the deceased was taken with consumption. Dr. Gallup asserted that the vampire began his work before the brother died. Dr. Powers was positively sure that it was directly after.

"The boiling of the pot on Woodstock Green, spoken of by the old lady, was attended by a large concourse of people. The ceremonies were conducted by the selectmen, attended by some of the prominent citizens of the village then residing on the common. It will suffice to name Honorable Norman Williams, General Lyman Mower, General Justus Durdick, B. F. Mower, Walter Palmer, Esq., Woodward R. Fitch, of old men of renown, sound minded fathers among the community, discreet careful men. The old lady has forgotten to state what was done with the pot and its ghastly collection of dust after the ceremonies were over. A hole ten feet square and fifteen feet deep was dug right in the center of the park where the fire had been built, the pot with the ashes was placed in the bottom, and then on top of that was laid a block of solid granite weighing seven tons, cut out

of Knox ledge. The hole was then filled up with dirt, the blood of a bullock was sprinkled on the fresh earth, and the fathers then felt that vampirism was extinguished forever in Woodstock. Eight or ten years after these events some curious minded persons made excavations in the Park, if by chance anything might be found of the pot. They dug down fifteen feet, but found nothing. Rock, pot, ashes and all had disappeared. They heard a roaring noise, however, as of some great conflagration, going on in the bowels of the earth, and a smell of sulphur began to fill the cavity, whereupon, in some alarm they hurried to the surface, filled up the hole again, and went their way. It is reported that considerable disturbance took place on the surface of the ground for several days, where the hole had been dug, some rumblings and shaking of the earth, and some smoke was emitted."

What to make of this grisly tale? Witchcraft in the 19th century? Preposterous! An exorcism such as this in a community as prosperous as Woodstock in the 1830's? Did none of the "sound minded fathers among the community, discreet careful men," make protest at a rite of medieval sorcery in a town boasting many doctors, a young medical college, and more than the usual number of men of outstanding talent and industry?

In fairness to the "prominent citizens" and to the doctors we may examine this fantastic story in the light of its time. Superstition, though no longer a guiding principle, had by no means been scotched by either church or science. The 18th century is heavily documented with nostrums and practices to ward off evil,—natural and supernatural. The last witch had been burned in Salem long before, but like folk music, the mythology lingered on for another century and more.

As late as 1750 a treatise on vampirism written in Europe in 1734 was translated into English and widely read as an aftermath of a period when all Europe was

filled with reports of the exploits of vampires. They were supposed to be the souls of dead men which quit the buried bodies by night to suck the blood of living persons. Hence when the vampire's grave is opened, his body is found to be fresh and rosy from the blood consumed.

Such progress as medicine had made by our year 1830 had done but little to enlighten a rural population. Despite an unavailing voice here and there, the period saw a flowering of nostrums, many liberally laced with 100 proof alcohol, which were an accepted part of every home medicine chest for another generation at least.

Could the medical men of the town in fact have concurred in their verdict of "an assured case of vampirism"? One can speculate that they felt they were dealing, as in undoubtedly many other cases, with *force majeure*; that protest would only deepen the suspicions against which they constantly worked.

Who were these medical men and what was their training? Dr. Joseph A. Gallup, one of the founders of Woodstock's Vermont Medical College, was considered the leading physician of eastern Vermont. He was one of the few then practicing who, as a member of the Dartmouth College medical school's first graduating class, had had any formal training. The author of several books, including an appendix on consumption, he was "highly praised for his experimental knowledge." He was president of the Medical College on its establishment in 1826 and gave all the lectures for several years.

Evidently a man of firm and outspoken

opinion, he became the leader of a faction which apparently created a controversy sufficiently widespread to merit comment in our Rhode Island doctor's essay on medical delusions. Dr. Gallup's party of New England medical men contended that the general character of diseases of the time were inflammatory, and hence blood letting was his "grand remedy." The opposition contended that this general character was essentially opposite, or "asthenic" and they relied largely on opium and brandy in treating diseases.

Castigating the "asthenics," Gallup is quoted: "It is probable that for forty years past opium and its preparations have done seven times the injury that they have rendered benefit on the great scale of the world." The opposition: "the lancet is a weapon that annually slays more than the sword," and "the King of Great Britain loses more subjects every year by this means than the battle and campaign of Waterloo cost him with all its glories."

Like many another of his time, Dr. Gallup evidently had an eye for business, and we find him the joint proprietor of a drug store in the town. A regular feature of the advertising columns of Woodstock's WEEKLY OBSERVER was a nearly half column extolling "Essence of Life—a valuable medicine discovered by Dr. Jona. Moore, a very worthy physician of Putney, Vermont . . . (which) . . . has stood unrivalled amidst the downfall of hundreds of medicines which have been of-

fered to the public as specifics for the same diseases (as indicated on the label) and has been the means of snatching thousands from the jaws of death.

"This Essence answers a valuable purpose in almost every case of debility, and there are few if any diseases which do not arise from that source. It may be given to either sex and at any period if weakness prevail, the composition being entirely derived from the vegetable kingdom."

This modest statement is followed by a heartfelt endorsement by the ministers of the gospel in Putney, Dummerston, Westminster, and Brattleboro. The advertisement concludes with the lines: "Dr. Moore's Essence of Life—for sale wholesale and retail at the store of Gallup and Taylor—Woodstock."

Of the other doctors listed as concurring in the judgment of vampirism, Dr. John D. Powers was perhaps more typical of his time. He learned his medicine from his father, Stephen Powers, who in turn got his training from older doctors in Massachusetts between 1750 and 1755 and who moved to Woodstock with the first families in 1774. Dr. John is assumed by some local historians to have ousted Dr. Gallup as head of the Vermont Medical College—which was obliged to close in '61—and was said to be "rather old fashioned." It is perhaps significant that he disagreed with Dr. Gallup on whether the victim of our vampire fell ill before or after the malignant creature's death.



Dr. John Burnell, whom the author of our story identifies as "Burnwell," came to Woodstock in 1809, boarded for a time with Dr. Gallup, and planned to take Dr. Gallup's practice, as he was busy with the store, but Burnell evidently was disappointed in this hope. He nevertheless made his reputation in the community by his successes in a "lung fever" epidemic in 1813, and was noted as one of the earliest practitioners of vaccination. An advertisement in the *OBSERVER* of 1820 informs that "Kine Pock vaccine is effective in preventing Small Pox" and that "Dr. Burnell will vaccinate any who call for it." Dana's "History of Woodstock" says "Dr. Burnell always felt the greatest interest in the advancement of medical science as opposed to quackery and empiricism," and asserts he "had a truly scientific mind."

We can only speculate whether one of the town doctors conducted the dissection of this vampire heart, said to have been found "undecayed and containing liquid blood." The dissection would have been welcomed by one of the medical students, whose supply of cadavers was so limited that grave robbing had become the source of contemporary outcry. The practice was evidently so frequent that the medical school had been forced to make a public promise "not to use any human body which might be disinterred hereabout."

The question of "liquid blood" raises a nice point. It is in the tradition of true vampirism that the creature's heart contain blood drawn from its victims. Our tale avers that this vampire's death oc-

curred some six months before the exorcism. What does pathology say about the stated presence of liquid blood existing in a body six months after death?

"Impossible,—strictly speaking," say all three of Woodstock's practicing physicians today. "But," asks the layman, probing, "might there be fluid of a sort, perhaps discolored, which a person predisposed to find blood, would think of as blood?" Two votes for "Yes,—maybe."

The list of "prominent citizens of the village then residing on the common" is perfectly valid. It would also be in keeping that the ceremonies be conducted by the selectman, though these, three in number as of today, were not named. Town records identify them as John A. Pratt, Jason Kendall, and Nathan T. Churchill.

Did any of these leave a journal that might throw light on the occasion? If so, it is still buried in some attic trunk. But this line of inquiry at last produced virtually unimpeachable evidence of the continuing existence of the key superstition on which the story is based.

In the stacks of the Norman Williams Public Library on Woodstock Green,—and incidentally on the site of the one-time home of the Honorable Norman Williams listed as an observer—is a folder containing some seventy typed pages, labeled "Memoirs of Daniel Ransom." There are short biographical outlines of various members of the Ransom family—one of the very earliest to settle in the town and distinguished for a succession of outstanding men in every generation.

The following is copied from page 20: "Frederick Ransom, the second son of my father and mother, was born in South Woodstock, Vermont, June 16, 1797 and died of consumption February 14th, 1817, at the age of about twenty. He had a good education and was a member of Dartmouth College at the time of his death. My remembrance of him is quite limited as I was only three years at the time of his death and I date my remembrance of anything at a visit of Dr. Frost to Frederick in his sickness. Keeping shy of the Doctor, fearing he would freeze me.

"It has been related to me that there was a tendency in our family to consumption, and that I, who now in 1894 am over eighty years old, would die with it before I was thirty. It seems that Father shared some what in the idea of hereditary diseases and withal had some superstition, for it was said that if the heart of one of the family who died of consumption was taken out and burned, others would be free from it. And Father, having some

faith in the remedy, had the heart of Frederick taken out after he had been buried, and it was burned in Captain Pearson's blacksmith forge. However, it did not prove a remedy, for mother, sister, and two brothers died with that disease afterward."

Mother did indeed die, of consumption (as tuberculosis was then called), in 1821, followed by sister in 1828 and other brothers in 1830 and 1832.

Here, in any event, is a case of exorcism only thirteen years prior to our story. How many others took place in those years when consumption, diagnosed as such or simply labeled "fever" was a major killer? When doctors were generally mistrusted, and medical science was just beginning to emerge from the dark ages?

There is little doubt that the connection between a burned heart and consumption was a widespread belief springing from medieval time and persisting well into the 19th century. In his "Doctors of the American Frontier" Richard Dunlop says "The fried heart of a rattlesnake could be eaten to cure consumption along most of the frontier as it moved westward."

The ritualistic concept of blood is practically a contemporary survival. The sprinkling of blood or ashes of a sacrificial animal has been an accepted rite of purification from medieval times. Hence in embellishing our tale the author naturally felt it appropriate that when the hole in which our vampire's heart burned was filled up, "the blood of a bullock was sprinkled on the fresh earth."

So how stands our cast for belief or disbelief in this grisly tale? The case fits the times, the cast of characters is established, but what of our accused—one Corwin, male, torn from his grave in the Nathan Cushing cemetery in the Town of Woodstock on that June day of 1830?

The cemetery is there, above the north bank of the Ottauquechee stream, flanked on the south and west by town roads and the east and north by the pastures and mowings of a modern dairy farm. But among the headstones dating to the early days of the town, none bears the name "Corwin." Nor does the careful script on the pages of the Town register of births and deaths record a Corwin. The name is not found in census or land records of Woodstock or the adjacent Pomfret—which also used Cushing plots.

So speculation ends, as it often must, with a question mark, and we may take this tale or leave it, or file it as a testimonial of the tragic helplessness of families of those times when faced with the mysteries of sickness and death. 



VERMONT LIFE *Calendar of Autumn Events*

NOTE: All dates are inclusive. This data was compiled last spring, so is subject to change, and is not necessarily complete. Write Publicity Director, Vermont Development Department, Montpelier, Vermont, for detailed information, supplementary free list and highway map.

CONTINUING EVENTS

All Year: **Bellows Falls**—Museum 2-4. **Burlington**—Fleming Museum Mon.-Fri. 9-4; Sun. 2-5. **St. Johnsbury**—Athenaeum & Art Gallery Mon.-Sat. 10-5; Science Museum & Planetarium. **Montpelier**—Vt. Hist. Soc. Museum Mon.-Fri. **Springfield**—Art Center Exc. Sat. & Sun. **W. Brattleboro**—Maple Museum 8-5. **Bennington**—Benn. Gallery 10-5; Museum 9-6 daily. **Sharon**—Joseph Smith Mem. **Montpelier**—Wood Art Gallery. **Northfield**—Norwich University Museum.

To Dec. 30: **Grand Isle**—Plattsburgh Ferry.
To Dec. 1: **Bennington**—Battle Monument.
To First Snow: **Stowe**—Mt. Mansfield Toll Rd.
To Nov. 6: **Larrabees Pt.**—Ticonderoga Ferry.
To Nov. 13: **Burlington**—Port Kent Ferry.
To Nov. 1: **Fairlee**—Walker Museum.
To Oct. 31: **Waitsfield**—Bundy Art Gallery 10-5 weekdays; 1-5 Sun.; Closed Tues. & Hol. **Graniteville**—Quarry Tours.
To Oct. 30: **W. Dover**—Mt. Snow Gondola, Daily through Sept. 5; Weekends through Oct. 12; Golf Course through 30th.
To Oct. 25: **Woodstock**—Hist. Soc.
To Oct. 21: **Shelburne**—Shelburne Mus. 9-5.
To Oct. 16: **Proctor**—Marble Exhibit 8:30-5:30. **Brownington**—Old Stone House. **Charlotte**—Ferry to Essex. **Morrisville**—Hist. Museum 2-5 daily.
To Oct. 15: **Rutland**—Chaffee Art Gallery. **Middlebury**—Sheldon Mus. 10-5. **St. Johnsbury**—Maple Mus. 8-5. **Warren**—Gondola Lift 10-5. **Weston**—Guild Old Time Crafts & Grist Mill. **Peru**—Bromley Mt. Chairlift & Museum 9-6. **Brownington**—Old Stone House Mus. 9-5.
To Oct. 12: **State Parks**. **Manchester SVAC**—Center 10-5; Sun. 1-5; closed Mon. **Weston**—West River Artists Exh. 8-6 weekdays; 12-6 Sun.; **Farrar**—Mansur Museum 1-5; ex. Mon. & Tues. **Killington**—Chairlift 10-5. **Chester**—Art Guild 10-5.
To Oct. 1: **Weathersfield**—Hist. Museum 2-5; closed Mon. & Tues.
To Sept. 15: **Graniteville**—Craft Center 8:30-4. **Chipman Pt.**—Wright Ferry.
To Sept. 12: **Grafton**—Westcorner Gallery.
To Sept. 11: **Green Mt. Nat. Forest**—Areas.
To Sept. 10: **Pownal**—Thoroughbred racing, nights.
To Sept. 5: **Burlington**—Beach & Campsite. **Webster** & **Barre**—Granite tours 8-5. **Brattleboro**—Dances, Mon. Eves. **Grand Isle**—Log Cabin 10:30-5. **Weston**—Playhouse, Thurs. to Sun. 8:30, Sat. 3.
To Sept. 4: **Stowe**—Playhouse 8:30.
To Sept. 3: **Burlington**—Shakespeare Festival, daily except Sun. 8:30.
To Sept. 1: **Orwell**—Daniels Indian Museum 9-5, closed Mon. & Fri. **Addison**—Strong Mansion Museum 10-5.
Sept. 24-Nov. 10: Partridge Season.
Oct. 8-23: Bow & Arrow Deer Season.
Nov. 12-27: Regular Deer Season.

SUPPERS AND BAZAARS

AUGUST

25: **East Corinth**—Chicken Pie Supper 5:30. **Ludlow**—Smorgasbord 5:30.
28: **East Barnard**—Chicken Barbecue 12-3. **Montgomery**—Old Home Day Dinner 12.
31: **Bristol**—Chicken Pie Supper 5:30 on.

SEPTEMBER

3: **Reading**—Chicken Barbecue 6-8.
8: **Sheldon**—Chicken Pie Supper 5:30 on.
10: **Williamstown**—Smorgasbord 5 on; Res. 433-5470.
15: **Marshfield**—Chicken Pie Supper 5-6:30.
15: **Binghamville**—Chicken Pie Supper & Sale 5. **So. Ryegate**—Chicken Pie Supper 5.
17: **Waitsfield**—Chicken Pie Supper 5:30-6:30.
20: **Riverton**—Chicken Pie Dinner & Supper; Noon & 5-6:30; Res. 223-5731.
21: **Bristol**—Chicken Pie Supper & Bazaar.
22: **Fairfax**—Chicken Pie Supper 5:30. **Sheffield**—Chicken Pie Supper 5:30 on. **Barre**—Chicken Pie Supper, Meth. Ch. 5 & 6:15.
24: **Newbury**—Smorgasbord 5:30-8.
24-25: **Granby & Victory**—Cookshack Dinners. **St. Johnsbury**—Church Supper 5:00; Luncheon 12:30 Sept. 25th.
26: **Walden**—Church Supper 5:30.
28: **Waterbury**—Chicken Pie Supper 5 & 6; Reservations.
29: **E. Arlington**—Chicken Pie Supper 5:30.

OCTOBER

1: **Montgomery**—Church Supper 5:30.
2: **Montgomery Ctr.**—Pancake Breakfast 7:30; Dinner 12. **Bridport**—Chicken Pie Dinner 12.
5: **Barnet**—Chicken Pie Supper & Sale 5. **Richmond**—Chicken Pie Supper & Bazaar 5:30.
6: **Manchester Ctr.**—Chicken Pie Supper 5 on. **Weston**—Chicken Pie Supper & Sale 6 & 7. **Waterbury Ctr.**—Chicken Pie Supper & Bazaar 5, 6 & 7; Res. 244-7558. **New Haven**—Chicken Pie Supper & Bazaar 5, 6 & 7.
7: **Adamant**—Supper 5 & 6; Res. 223-2830.
8: **E. Calais**—Baked Ham Dinner 12, 1 & 2; Res. 466-8812. **Brownsville**—Chicken Pie Supper 5 on. **Hartland Four Corners**—Chicken Pie Supper & Sale 5:30-7. **Brandon**—Chicken Pie Supper 5 on. **So. Pomfret**—Turkey Supper 5, 6, 7, 8; Res. **Greensboro Bend**—Game & Chicken Pie Supper 5 on. **No. Calais**—New England Boiled Dinner 5, 6 & 7; Res. 223-5412. **Windsor**—Turkey Supper 5-7.
9: **E. Montpelier**—Chicken Pie Dinner 12-4.
12: **Georgia Plains**—Roast Turkey Dinner 12, 2; 5, 6 & 7. **W. Newbury**—Turkey Supper 5 on. **Benson**—Turkey Supper 5:30-7:30.
13: **Williamstown**—Chicken Pie Supper 5, 6 & 7; Res. 433-5470. **Tunbridge**—Chicken Pie Supper 5, 6, 7 & 8; Res. 889-3470.
16: **Montgomery**—Church Dinner noon.
18: **Riverton**—Turkey Supper 5 & 6; Res. 223-5731. **Pomfret**—Supper 6:30; Hist. Meeting 8. **St. Albans**—Turkey Supper 5:30-7.
27: **Montpelier**—Bazaar, Coffee, Luncheon, Tea 9-5 Masonic Temple.
28: **Berlin Corner**—Church Coffee Hour, Lunch & Tea. **Reading**—Turkey Supper 5-11; Old Time Ball 9-2.

NOVEMBER

3: **Marshfield**—Harvest Supper 5-6.
5: **Hartland**—Turkey Supper & Dance 4:30-9.
10: **Barre**—Universalist Church Fair, Coffee 9; Luncheon 11:30; Supper 5. **Montpelier**—St. Vincent's Bazaar 9-5, Luncheon.
12: **Warren**—Hunters' Supper. **Cavendish**—Chicken Pie Supper 5:30-7:30; Bazaar 3.

12-13, 19-20, 26-27: **Newfane**—Hunters' Breakfast 4-7 a.m. **Brookline**—Hunters' Coffee & Doughnuts 7:30-5:30.
16: **Waterbury**—Christmas Bazaar 1-5; Buffet Supper 5-7.
17: **White River Junction**—Christmas Bazaar 10; Turkey Supper 5:30, Episcopal Ch. **Danville**—Game Supper.
19: **Plymouth Union**—Game Supper 5-9. **Lincoln**—Venison Supper 5.

SPECIAL EVENTS

AUGUST

23, 24, 25: **So. Wallingford**—Antique, Craft Show.
24, 25, 26, 27: **So. Woodstock GMHA**—Pleasure Ride. 50 Mi. Ride.
25, 28: **Dorset**—Playhouse 8:40.
25-29: **Stowe**—Northeast Craftsman Fair, Sale & Exhibit 10-7.
25, 26, 27, 28: **Lyndonville**—Caledonia Cty. Fair.
27, 28: **Stowe**—Horse Show.
28: **Manchester SVAC**—Cardiff Choir 8:30.
29-Sept. 3: **Essex Junction**—Champlain Exp.
31-Sept. 1, 2, 3: **Woodstock GMHA**—100-Mi. Ride.

SEPTEMBER

1, 4: **Dorset**—Caravan Theater 8:40.
3: **East Montpelier**—Horse show 9:30.
4: **Manchester SVAC**—Peter Serkin 8:30.
4-10: **Rutland**—Fair.
5: **Guilford**—Fair. **Charlotte**—Jr. Horse Show 8:30-5:30. **Sheffield**—Field Day, Parades, Barbecue 10:30-6.
10: **Wilmington**—Deerfield Valley Farmers' Day.
10-Oct. 12: **Manchester**—Fall Art Show.
13-17: **Stowe**—Ski Businessmen's Golf Tourn.
16, 17, 18: **Tunbridge**—World's Fair.
20: **Pomfret**—Hist. Soc. "Early Sports" 8.
23-25: **Stowe**—Folk Music & Dance Festival.
24, 25: **Bondville**—Fair. **Granby & Victory**—Holiday in the Hills, all day.
25: **Lunenburg**—Pheasant Shoot 2-4. **East Middlebury**—Horse Show.
30-Oct. 1 & 2: **Danville**—Dowsers Convention. **Ludlow**—Antique Show.
30-Oct. 9: **Stratton**—Arts & Crafts Festival 10-10.

OCTOBER

1: **Stratton**—Arts Festival, Concert. **Newfane**—Foliage Fair & Bazaar. **Montgomery Center**—Auction 2:30.
1, 2: **Bellows Falls**—Art Exhibit. **Stowe**—Fall Foliage Fly-In. **Johnson**—Fall Festival.
2: **Lunenburg**—Pheasant Shoot 2-4. **Montgomery Ctr.**—Festival Ball 9-12.
6: **Bennington**—Foliage Queen Contest.
6, 7, 8: **Bennington**—Antique Show & Sale.
8: **Bennington**—Football Game. **Stratton**—Folk Music Concert, Eve. **Wallingford**—Folklore Meeting 10-3.
12: **Bennington**—Fashion Show.
15: **Bennington**—Teen Dance, Festival Ball.
15-16: **So. Woodstock GMHA**—Fall Rides.
18: **Montgomery**—Sale and Silver Tea 2.

NOVEMBER

3: **Montpelier**—Baptist Church Fair 6-9.
17: **Montpelier**—Bethany Church Fair 9-5.



A completed Winchester model lies on the workbench before Bob Kain, who is doing decorative engraving on the top of another gun's receiver.

Hand Craftsmanship & Classic Guns

THESE ARE THE BASIC
ELEMENTS WHICH BOB KAIN
IS PUTTING TOGETHER WITH
CONSUMMATE SKILL, TO PRO-
DUCE THE "AMERICAN 50S"

by GEORGE B. GORDON

Photographed by JOHN HARRIS

TWENTY YEARS AGO, Bob Kain, then 16 years old, rode a bicycle up the winding road that follows the West River above Brattleboro. He still remembers the sunlight on the river and the dark trees over the water as he saw them that first summer morning. "Trees and water," he says, "that's what brought me to Vermont."

Today Bob and Alvina Kain have a couple of teen-agers and one Vermonter, age three, of their own. Their little home and shop stands on a rocky bluff over roaring Whetstone Brook on Route 30, below Newfane. Bob will be found almost

any morning at his bench, carving and checking a gunstock or engraving the receiver for one of the superb rifles or shotguns of his "American 50" series.

There will be exactly 500 of these guns—10 of each one of a special design for each of the 50 States.

Bob showed some of his designs and a few of his finished guns at the Sportsman's Show in the New York Coliseum in January 1964. Soon afterward, sixteen sportsmen from Vermont and the five adjoining States bought shares in the American 50 venture. The Winchester Company, which furnishes the factory



One of 10 State of Vermont guns, a Model 94 Winchester 30-30 lever action.



Tumbling Whetstone Brook lies just behind the Kains' Newfane home.



The whole family take

arms, and the collectors who buy the finished product are loud in their praise of Bob Kain's work.

All down the years Vermont has developed fine workmen, particularly in the firearms field. When the Winchester Company was organized in 1857, a Vermonter, B. Tyler Henry, of Windsor, was the first foreman of the New Haven factory. Henry was a pioneer in the design of metallic cartridge cases, the inventor of the Henry repeating rifle, grandfather of Winchesters to come. Even today you will find an "H" on the base of Winchester cartridge cases.

Nicanor Kendall's name will be found in the records of the old Remington Arms Company. He was another of a long line of Windsor gunsmiths and inventors. Robbins and Lawrence of Windsor is a name known around the world as makers

of machines for the British Enfield and other military firearms. Bob Kain now adds his name to this list of good Vermont craftsmen.

Time was when a gunsmith made a complete musket, rifle or fowling piece in his own small shop. Barrels were bored from rough bar stock. Stocks and forearms were shaped, fitted, checked and polished from blanks of rough-sawn lumber. Locks were shaped, filed and fitted to each firearm, piece by piece. Many of these fine old hand-made pieces were checked, engraved and ornamented in the same shop, or even by the same workman who had made them.

Then came machines for working wood and metals. A thousand locks, stocks and barrels could be made to exact measurements, each one exactly like another. But these new standardized rifles and shotguns



me off to enjoy a warm Indian Summer afternoon and clean up fallen leaves. Bob Kain's shop is here too.

were, by comparison, crude and ugly, though efficient.

Many of the finer sporting firearms sold in America today are products of several factories and many workmen, in several countries. Rifle barrels and actions may be fabricated in West Germany, Belgium or Finland, to be assembled and finished in this country. Fine double barreled shotguns, once the pride of American workmen, now come here from Spain, Italy or Japan to be marketed by our firearms companies. If fine engraving and hand checking are wanted on American-made arms, these are often sent abroad, where fine, experienced workmanship may be had for something a little less than a king's ransom. (Just a hand-checking job on a fine rifle or shotgun in the United States may cost \$100, or even more; costs for special engraving are comparably high.)

Arms of the American 50 Series come from the Winchester factory to be finished by a team of skilled workmen in different fields. W. W. McCloud of Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, removes original factory finishes and reblues barrels and receivers. Reinhardt Fagen of Warsaw, Missouri, makes a stock and forearm of selected walnut to fit each model gun. Bob Kain fits, hand checks, carves and polishes stocks and forearms, engraves the receivers, and turns the guns over to Jim Preston, expert rifleman, in Brookline, Vermont, who hand hones the actions until they are smooth as velvet. The finished American 50 Series rifle or shotgun is nothing less than a work of art in blued steel and polished walnut. Bob thinks it is high time American buyers of fine sporting firearms were able to get checking, hand finishing and engraving done right here in Vermont!



Model 1200 Winchester Pump, 20 gauge, (Indiana), will be hand checked later.





Almost harder than the job of picking is finding enough skilled pickers at harvest time. Some of them are migratory crop workers from the South, others are local helpers. The cold apples require the men to use gloves as they pick into canvas buckets.

McIntosh x 300,000 Bushels

ARE GROWN AND SHIPPED EACH YEAR BY
THIRTY COOPERATING ORCHARDISTS IN
THE LAKESIDE TOWN OF SHOREHAM

by CHRISTOPHER KNIGHT

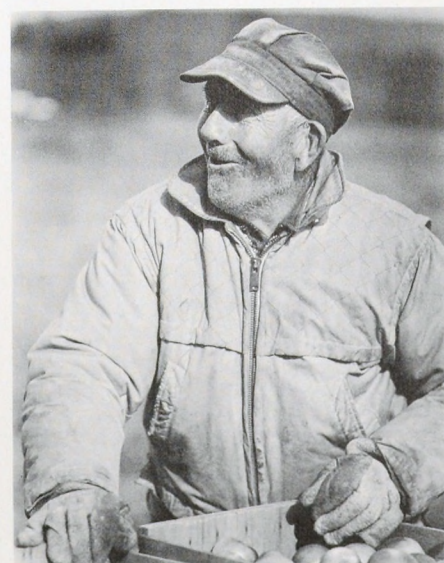
IT WASN'T LONG AGO that Whitney Blodgett abandoned a banking career in New York in favor of apple farming in Vermont. He and his wife Jill, now with their four young children, haven't regretted a minute of this radically different life in Vermont.

The Blodgetts' Sentinel Pine Orchards share membership with some thirty other apple growers in the area in the Shoreham Cooperative Apple Producers Association, which stores in sealed, airtight rooms and packs for shipment some 400,000 bushels of apples each year.

A New York commission broker handles all of the Shoreham apple sales, and shipments go out from the Co-op steadily from harvest until the next July to wholesalers, retail stores, and as exports—mainly to Great Britain.

Blodgett himself has planted a large part of his Shoreham orchards in semi-dwarf trees, which are smaller but allow more trees per acre, and which are easier to harvest. The Orchards include several varieties of apples.

Sentinel Pine Orchards are located on sloping, well-drained soil, and are near the





Arthur Burrill, foreman of Sentinel Pine Orchards, checks fruit quality. Owner Whitney Blodgett developed the jumbo-sized apple box, right, which is used to speed orchard transfers.



temperature-moderating influences of Lake Champlain—valuable in times of frost danger. Blodgett is one of the few apple producers in Vermont to use irrigation, his sprinklers distributing some 600 gallons of water a minute to the trees during dry periods. This has resulted in larger and better apples and a larger yield per acre.

The trees are pruned and grafted in the winter months, and new trees are planted in the spring. Many sprayings are required

throughout the summer, and, before the hazards of frost and drought are faced there's the critical blossom time in late May, when the bees in about a week's time must do their cross-pollinating work.

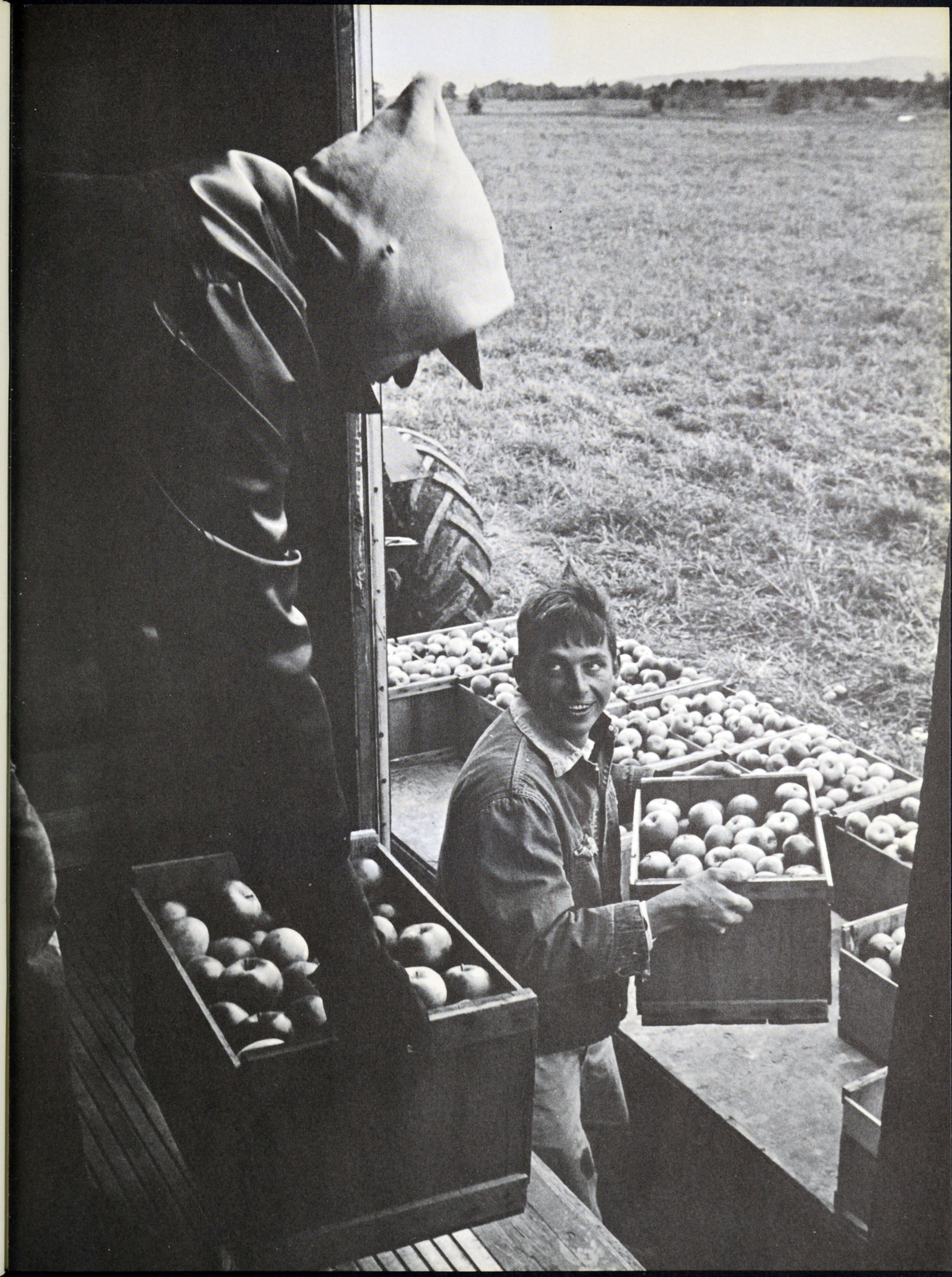
But the harvest is the busiest time of all. It starts with the McIntosh, Vermont's main commercial variety, the last half of September. Then come the Cortlands, Red Delicious, Northern Spy and Golden Delicious. If not picked on time the fruit will drop and be damaged.

Blodgett's picking crew numbers ten local men and twenty-five migrant workers from Florida, who stay at his orchard camp during the harvest. Getting enough help at this time is always a problem, and Blodgett, with other apple people, hopes for the day a mechanical picker may be developed. Though picking by hand, with other work mechanized as much as possible, some 35,000 bushels of Sentinel Pine apples are picked, sorted and shipped out each year.

∞



While orchardist Blodgett helps load waiting trailer truck, right, rest of the family inspects and samples in the orchard.



Dried Beef and Potatoes

THIS CLASSIC NEW ENGLAND SUPPER
HAS STUCK TO THE RIBS
OF COUNTLESS VERMONT TRENCHMEN
AND STILL PROVIDES
DELICIOUS FARE
ON COLD AUTUMN EVENINGS

by LOUISE ANDREWS KENT

Photograph by HANSON CARROLL

WHEN ORION stretches his arms against a sky of jade green glass and frost nips her zinnias, Mrs. Appleyard knows her family likes food that sticks to the ribs. It was about this time of year, she remembers that she first came to Appleyard Center and first met dried beef properly cooked.

Her husband's mother said: "We've got new potatoes big enough to bake. Broccoli's going to start flowering if we don't eat it. Guess we'll have dried beef for supper."

Mrs. Appleyard, who has always thought of dried beef as rather like scraps of wall paper with flour paste, had no idea how good it could be in Vermont.

DRIED BEEF IN CREAM (for six)

<i>1/2 lb. dried beef, sliced paper thin</i>	<i>1 cup milk</i>
<i>1 cup sweet thick cream</i>	<i>2 T. sour cream</i>
<i>4 hard boiled eggs, sliced</i>	<i>2 tablespoons butter</i>
<i>2 tablespoons flour</i>	<i>1/2 teaspoon paprika</i>

Freshen the beef by pouring boiling water on it. Let it stand 10 minutes. Drain. Make the sauce by putting butter into a frying pan and heating it till it froths. Remove pan from heat and rub in flour sifted with paprika, blending them smoothly. Return to low heat; cook, stirring for 3 minutes. Slowly stir in sweet cream, milk and sour cream. Let sauce just simmer for two minutes. Add beef and the egg slices. Put mixture in a double boiler over hot, not boiling water. If too thick at serving time, add a little milk.

Large new potatoes take about 50 minutes to bake: 10 minutes in a preheated 450° oven, then forty minutes at 350°. After half an hour, prick them with a fork, turn them over. They are done when they break open when pressed. Guests must wait for potatoes, not potatoes for guests.

Broccoli should also be freshly cooked. Mrs. Appleyard slices stems in half inch pieces, steams them 5 minutes, drops in flowers, steams them 15 minutes longer, serves melted butter and lemon juice with them.

When everything is ready each guest puts a potato on a hot plate, opens it and mashes the creamed dried beef mixture into it. Men love to do this, Mrs. Appleyard notices. Better have extra potatoes on hand and plenty of broccoli to go along side.

She thinks this meal should be followed by a light dessert. What is lighter than a ten egg sponge cake?

Sponge Cake

For a large angel cake tin.

<i>10 eggs separated</i>	<i>2 tablespoons lemon juice</i>
<i>grated rind of one lemon</i>	<i>1/2 c. orange juice</i>
<i>1 1/2 c. sugar, sifted</i>	<i>1 1/2 c. flour, sifted</i>
<i>1/4 tsp. cream of tartar</i>	<i>then measured.</i>
<i>2 Tablespoons sugar (extra)</i>	

Sift and measure flour. Sift twice more with cream of tartar. Sift sugar. Mrs. Appleyard uses a hand electric beater, first beats egg whites to stiff peaks, then beats in 4 tablespoons of sugar, a little at a time.

Now light oven: 325°. In a bowl, large enough for the whole mixture, beat egg yolks till thick and lemon colored. Then beat in the rest of the cup and a half of sugar. Add it slowly. Turn the bowl often. Beat in lemon juice and rind and orange juice; then flour, in small amounts. Beat thoroughly after the last of the flour goes in. Next, with a rubber scraper fold in egg whites. Don't stir but blend well. Be sure none of the yolk mixture stays in the bottom of the bowl.

Mrs. Appleyard flours the cake tin slightly, tipping about a teaspoon of flour around in it. She thinks this may be just a nervous habit as she seems to tip out all she put in—but she was taught to do it so she does this way. Anyway the pan is not to be greased.

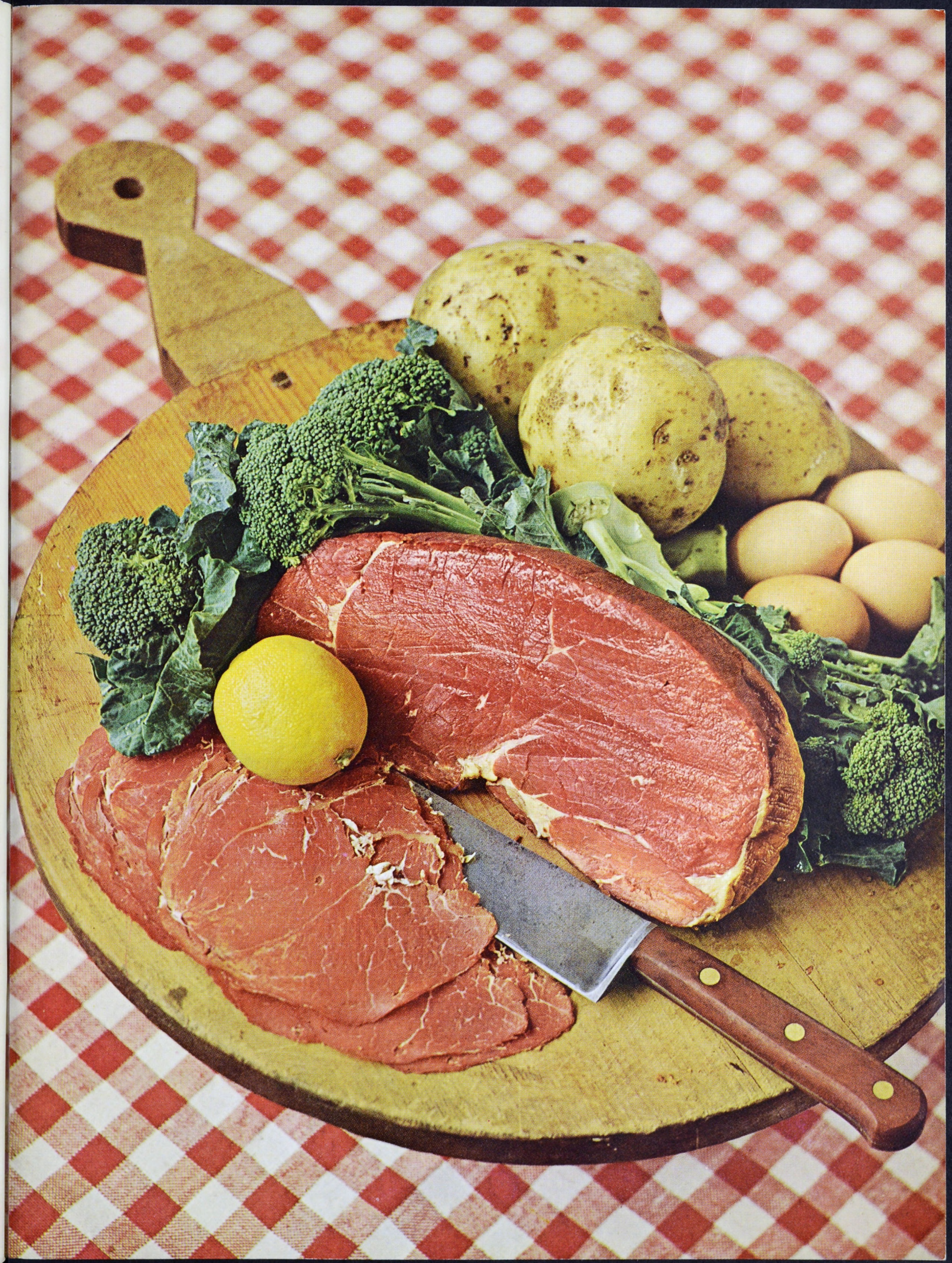
Now she heaps the mixture lightly in the pan, turning it often so the batter is evenly distributed. When it is all in, she sprinkles the extra sugar over it to melt, combine with the batter and make a sugary crust.

Put the pan in the oven on the center shelf. After 15 minutes, you may open the door gently and, if the cake has cooked more on one side than the other, carefully turn the pan around. Don't breathe hard! Shut the door softly! Reduce heat to 300°. Bake the cake about 45 minutes longer. If you have any doubt about its being done, turn off the oven and leave it an extra 10 minutes. Then take the pan out and turn it upside down on a large platter. When the cake is cool, loosen the outside edge with a narrow flexible spatula and the part around the tube with a table knife. Put the pan upside down again. Tap it here and there and hope for the best. Mrs. Appleyard seldom has one fall out without leaving one piece that has to be extracted separately and tailored back into place.

Now—this takes courage and strong wrists—center your biggest, handsomest plate over the bottom of the cake and reverse it so you can see the sugary top. Hew it into generous chunks with two silver forks.

Mrs. Appleyard hopes you have some candied applesauce (*Vermont Year Round Cookbook*, p. 169) to go with it and some Vermont cheese to go with the applesauce and some special friends to eat them.

She takes this opportunity to thank the various friends in whose oven she has baked this cake, who beat while she turned the bowl—or vice versa—and who spoke well of the mixture as they licked the bowl. She sends her good wishes to those who complained because the cake was not in the Vermont Cookbook. Please don't say she hasn't told you how!



Green Mountain



POST BOY

The *Postboy*, along with others, has gone to some lengths to discover just what General John Stark really said on the eve of the Battle of Bennington. Others already have pointed out the common confusion between Molly Stark and Molly Pitcher, and that, in spite of the Molly Stark Trail emblems one may see, Mrs. Stark never had the opportunity to load cannons at Bennington.

But now comes the revelation, from Maine of all places, that the non-widowed Mrs. Stark wasn't even called *Molly*. She was Elizabeth Betty Page, of Dumbarton, N.H.

What *did* the General say to his troops? According to the most reliable sources, he addressed them in this somewhat tame fashion: "There be the Red-coats, men. We must beat them today, or my wife will be a widow."

It is good to learn that the International Paper company has most fittingly dedicated a forest of 33,000 acres near Island Pond to the memory of the late and revered Stewart H. Holbrook. America's forest lands were his great love, and much of his finest writing was of the days of big timber.

Vermont Life's editors are indebted to Miss Violene Parker of Bridgewater Corners for her assistance in the preparation of an article on The Woodstock Vampire, which begins on page 47 of this issue.

The first federally-aided housing project for the aged to be completed in Vermont opened the past summer in West Brattleboro. The attractive, 17-building village contains eighty family units (for about 120 people) on a secluded, six-acre site near now-pristine Whetstone Brook. Similar establishments are under way in Rutland and Burlington. At the latter city a general low income complex (of admitted barracks-like appearance) was opened last spring.

Although the event of public housing here probably has any number of self-reliant Vermonters spinning in their graves, today's citizens seem to have greeted it with approval.

Vermont's last panther, of course, stands in refurbished magnificence in the Vermont Historical Museum at Montpelier, this being the Barnard panther of 1881. We reported, also, not long ago, on the 1875 Wardsboro panther's present residence at the Museum of Science in Boston.

It is a pleasure to discover and report that a third Vermont catamount, the Weathersfield panther, which was taken in a cave on January 31, 1867, will shortly celebrate his centenary at the home of George E. Robinson in Weathersfield. We are responsible to the Springfield *Times-Reporter* for this data.

Non-readers of *Time* earlier this year missed a fascinating side development in the legend of buried treasure—bootle supposedly secreted in the Mallett's Bay area near Burlington. It seems a French group of descendants of one Jean-Pierre Mallet, say he died at Winooski in 1818 leaving vast properties which have been kept ever since from his rightful heirs. Their claim against the U.S. Treasury now totals the tidy sum of \$512 million. Unfortunately for the Mallets, however, nobody can find any evidence that Jean-Pierre or his purported holdings ever existed.

For the credulously inclined, though, we are glad to report that the tale persists of the mysterious Capt. Stephen Mallet (who some say was a retired pirate), who lived and died in the late 1700s on the shore of Mallett's Bay, leaving a buried treasure, undiscovered to this day.

A group of wind-bent old trees on Mallett's Head, said to provide a sighting to the treasure spot, regrettably were destroyed by a storm just before their significance was apprehended by latter-day folklorists.

Rare skills seem to be a characteristic of Vermonters, and we are glad to present this brief report on Charles H. Gunzinger in Williamsville, who, since his retirement, has made a specialty of complete and beautiful restoration of old melodeons.

Mr. Gunzinger comes from a family of Swiss organ specialists. His "Little Organ Shop" in Williamsville does work for people all over the country, for he also reconditions and rebuilds organs, and is one of only about sixty qualified organ voicers in the country.

What is easily the largest cave in Vermont, and New England's second largest, was discovered not long ago in Weybridge, which is near Middlebury. It was partially explored last August by Jerry Price and Peg Sease, who mapped 884 feet of passages, and reported it to be a safe, most exciting and interesting addition to America's subterranean areas.

At the present writing the Vermont Department of Forests and Forest Parks is acquiring Weybridge Cave. By next summer provisions will be in order for its exploration by spelunkers and any others who yearn to crawl through any number of foot-high passageways.

Weybridge is a dry weather cave, for sections of it contain a large flow of water in the spring. It abounds with "interesting stratifications, large drops, easy chimneys, nice speleothems—even stalactites, soda straws, bacon, flowstones and helactites." Best of all, there remains the possibility that at least three of the side passages may prove to open on even more extensive subterranean mysteries.

Vermont Life's subscription office is in great need of certain back issues of the magazine. For each of these issues received in good condition they will give new subscription or renewal credits as follows. This offer is good until November 22, 1966.

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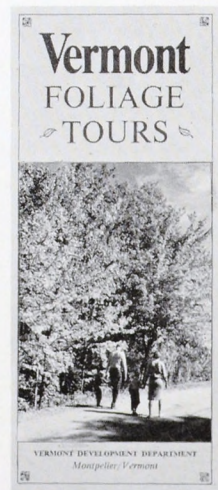
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A covered bridge, leading from light to light, through a brief darkness.

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